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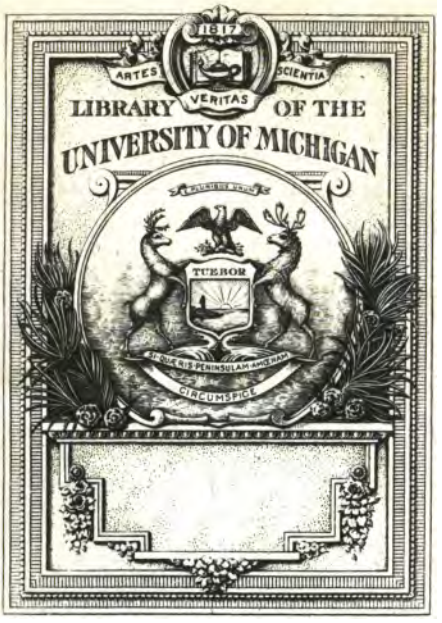
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THE ENGLISHMAN.

A NOVEL.

Lane, Darling, and Co. Leade :hall-Street.

THE

ENGLISHMAN.

A Novel.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

BY

MISS BYRON, Medora Gordon

AUTHOR OF THE ENGLISHWOMAN; HOURS OF AFFLUENCE AND DAYS OF INDIGENCE; MODERN VILLA AND ANCIENT CASTLE, &c. &c.

My affections
Are then most humble; I've no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

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THE

ENGLISHMAN.

CHAP. I.

THE sign-post which indicates two distinct roads, frequently presents to the eye a striking variety in their paths. The traveller who seeks only amusement may *choose* his road, and his choice may end in *ennui*, if not in disappointment; while the *destined* traveller, who has a goal in view, pursues the track marked out for him, and finally attains his object. My readers, to whom two roads have been presented, are, it is presumed, of the latter class; a finale is expected; as such, though the season and the bounty of nature made the

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country the more agreeable destination, the road to London offers a more propitious result to inquirers.

It was near eight o'clock in the evening when Durweston reached Park-street. Mr. Carberry waited to make an inquiry of the servant respecting the child, and then bidding Durweston adieu, drove off.

With an agitation which mocks description, Durweston sent up his name; and though his parental feelings were the most poignant, all the noble advances of Wentworth, as a friend and a mediator, rushed on his mind; in one moment he heard his name repeated, and in the next, Sidney appeared.

"This is kind, Mr. Durweston," said he, grasping the hand of Edward; "I will lead the way;" and without waiting his reply, he ascended to the drawing-room, where on a sofa sat the little invalid, attended by Nancy Bevans.

"My child! my beloved Charles!" said the overpowered Durweston, snatching his

his treasure to his heart, and bursting into tears.

Wentworth shared his feelings.—"There is nothing to fear, my dear sir," said Sidney; "a friend, in whom I have the greatest confidence, has assured me a few days will perfect the convalescence of this heroic little sufferer."

"Mr. Wentworth," replied Durweston, "you have taken a noble revenge of my fastidious pride; can you forgive me, and make allowances for my peculiar situation?"

"I look forward," said Sidney; "if *you* can forget the past, well may I; let this moment cement our friendship;" and he extended his hand to Durweston.

The compact was ratified by a symbol at which the cynic would sneer; I forbear to elucidate further.

Durweston proposed the removal of his child; to this Wentworth opposed the most reasonable objections.—"It would be injudicious to change his medical attendant;

dant; the child was perfectly happy; and, indeed," continued our Englishman, "I must detain him as a hostage; you will not deny me this favour, Mr. Durweston? I am speculative in my plans; you will give me your society as often as possible, or if you think your presence essential, make my house your home; it is perfectly convenient to me, and would add to my happiness."

Durweston was oppressed by the considerate delicacy of our hero.—"To-night, Mr. Wentworth, I will avail myself of your hospitality. To oppose your generous interest in my boy, would be dishonourable to your noble friendship; I commit him implicitly to your direction. I hope and trust your infant charge will early learn to value that benevolence which his father feels too acutely to meet it as he ought to do."

The child in this, as in many other situations of embarrassment, proved the means of effecting a more pleasing strain of conversation;

versation; he hoped aunt Manderson would not cry when she heard poor Charles was hurt.—"See, papa," said the little prattler, "I have written a letter to her;" and he presented a sheet of paper, on which the irregular scrawls of a pencil were scattered.

Durweston kissed the simple transcript of infant fancy; and as our *Englishman* viewed the fatherly traits of character which graced the manner of Durweston, his domestic mind imbibed an ambition not immediately definable even to himself: he contrasted the features of the father and son; the likeness was striking.—"Whoever is the *mother* of this babe," thought Sidney, "the father bears the likeness away."

There was not the least similarity between Charles and Amelia; and though our hero had dismissed the idea of her being a married woman, the most trifling corroboration of his ardent wishes was satisfactory.

Durweston retiring at an early hour, left Sidney to pursue his reflections. Philip, whose gratitude made him anxiously zealous to repay the consideration of his master, seized, and even made occasions to present himself before our hero. A real cause for intrusion offered itself; a note from lady Beverly was handed to Sidney.

"Does the servant wait?" asked he.

"No, sir, Mr. Watkins brought it; he only said sir Ormsby had been uneasy at not finding you at home yesterday evening when he called."

"I shall see my father to-morrow," said Sidney, as he broke the seal of lady Beverly's note, and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIDNEY,

"What are your projects? I hate mystery; you are a very different creature in town, compared with your Adderfield habits. I am vexed and curious; pray satisfy me. Seen in a chariot and four,

four, fifteen miles from London! not an intrigue, I hope. Apropo, it was very odd Miss Sidney should decline my visit; I got a note from her, preventing my intention; it appeared very artless, quite natural; yet, truly, my dear Wentworth, I am compelled to be suspicious. A report is in circulation, I hope it will not reach my uncle, who, *entre nous*, is closeted every morning with lord Arlingham; this looks like matrimony in embryo. I had thought—but it is ridiculous to say what were my thoughts; I am vexed and disappointed. Come and make your peace with your

" GRACE BEVERLY.

" Grosvenor-square, ten o'clock."

" I will go; yes, certainly, I will go, if but to refute the vile calumny," said Wentworth. " Cruel Grace! so soon to revoke an opinion which did her honour; a thousand reasons might combine to make her

visit inconvenient to the dependant girl: but if the *world* has taken up an erroneous idea, if they blurt her name, who seems, who *is* pure as an angel, my arm shall assert her innocence. By Heaven! I could as soon suspect my mother, were she living, as the chaste, the feminine Amelia. What a defenceless creature is woman! where is her security against the shafts of the malicious? her personal graces are as heaven's wonders to an atheist; their beauties are distorted by his criminal philosophy, until that which was intended to excite our gratitude and inspire our hopes, is converted into deformity. I will probe that heart now tortured by the contumely of the more fortunate; I will demand her confidence, and if she answer to my wish, what an effect will a simple effort of discernment produce! You shall smile upon her, ye scandal-hunting, levelling crew; I will give her all the distinction for which your sect pine; and then, in elegant retirement, brave your censure, by living out of your sphere;"

sphere;" and with this heroic determination, our Englishman sought his pillow.

If half a thousand *Englishmen* could not substantiate the soliloquy of Wentworth by their individual observation, I should be tenacious of exhibiting *my Englishman* under such a transient fit of vanity; the men must, they do feel their own importance in society; and the women, if they would be ingenuous, might lend an additional strength to my foregoing remark. How many *young* women are *sought* and invited into society, for the sake of their handsome *brothers* or *cousins!* What a diminution in visiting *tickets* do their marriages effect! a number of neglected females could vouch for the authenticity of my statement, did not *vanity* repress the confession; I impute it to the eyes of *women*, who, if they *would* see, might readily distinguish when they are sought *for* themselves, and when they are mediums. Though Bradberry's glasses are puffed so enor-

mously, I am persuaded we yet want a *glass* which shall make *women* see clearly.

Disinterestedness is so noble an attribute in man, he is so often possessed of the *power*, without the inclination to bestow it, that where it does elicit itself, praise is due. Independence frequently forms a bulwark round the heart of the possessor, giving a loftiness to the manner, and a scanty limit to the exercise of benevolence, as if man was more than a *trustee* of his own wealth—a steward from whom a *just* account *will* be demanded. Prodigality is a crime, as the meanest understanding can define; yet in love, as in pecuniary bounty, the disbursement must be *gracious* to deserve acceptance.

That our hero intended to make his offering with appropriate liberality, cannot be doubted; his principles were in nowise tinctured with aristocracy, though descended from a stock of ancient standing; he felt that *personal* reputation was of more worth

worth than hereditary rank; he looked not to those honours which *might* ennoble his birth; but content in the structure of his fate, sought means to embellish the scite.

As Wentworth received his guest next morning, he beheld with pleasure the cheerful countenance of Durweston. While at breakfast, the heart of our hero was strongly impelled to make inquiries of his visitor; the opportunity was a golden one; yet delicacy forbade his availing himself of the advantage.—"It would look like stratagem," thought Sidney; "he will, if I betray my interest in Amelia (and most assuredly I should do so), he must think I had a sinister motive in bringing his child under my roof; no, I must forego the first wish of my heart, until his friendship authorizes my inquiry."

Durweston, whose engagement with Mr. Carberry made his presence necessary in the city, expressed himself to this effect.—"I must not revoke my agreement of last

night, Mr. Wentworth," said he, "or I really should suggest the removal of your patient; his lameness will not be lasting, I trust; and his wound I could myself manage."

"I will not oppose you, if you think my request unreasonable," said Sidney. "I should have been happier had you allowed me an opportunity of improving our acquaintance."

"It shall be so," replied Durweston, rising: "if you are as persevering as a lover, Mr. Wentworth, as you are in friendship, you must be a successful suitor."

"I never was an absolute lover," said Sidney, smiling; "at least, I never asked for a heart."

"Indeed! I had heard the contrary; a very lovely woman was pointed out to me as your intended bride, I mean lady Anna Arlingham."

"Her ladyship would be the first to set you right; she is a lovely and an amiable woman,

woman, and, between ourselves, attached to a worthy fellow who deserves her preference."

"I must be gone," said the receding Durweston, as he extended his hand to our hero.

"You will dine with me; my hour is six."

"I cannot promise," replied Durweston. "Mr. Henry Carberry is ill; I must ascertain how far I can be serviceable to my friend. I shall certainly trouble you with a call in the evening;" and hastening to bid a short adieu to his boy, the grateful Durweston withdrew.

Wentworth amused himself with his little *protegée* in the drawing-room; and as the young scribe resumed his scribbling propensity, our hero gave him his watch to make an impression on the wafer, with which he had closed the paper. A thought occurred to Sidney; it was not possible to offer Durweston the *seal* he possessed; his mind was too tenacious to bear an humilia-

tion of the sort. Wentworth resolved on buying a watch for his little favourite, and by suspending the seal to it, restore it to Durweston, without wounding his feelings. Dispatching Philip on his commission, he sat chatting with the child, when a loud rap rang through the hall: uncertain who might be his visitors, Wentworth carried the child to his nurse, and as he returned to the drawing-room, encountered his father.

"Sidney," said sir Ormsby, "have you resolved on forsaking your father? where have you been? we have looked for you hourly."

"I made a little excursion rather suddenly, sir; I mean to be very good in future."

"Suddenly!" repeated sir Ormsby; "what could occasion your departure so suddenly you could not apprize me of it?"

"It was a whim, sir; a very excusable one, I assure you."

"Then I may ask the nature of this excusable whim, I suppose?"

"Why,

"Why, I cannot be explicit just now, sir; I certainly will explain it to you, and that at no very distant period, I hope."

"I see how it is; your father is to be a stranger to your actions, while all the town is talking of them."

"You are jesting surely," said Sidney; "if the town takes the trouble of canvassing my actions, it would indeed surprise me; I am quite out of their track, too insignificant to excite any lasting patronage."

"This vivacity is unseemly, quite out of place, sir. There was a time when your father might claim your confidence; you are strangely altered, Sidney, and I must lament the change."

"My dear sir," resumed Sidney, "how much you are mistaken! never was *I* more disposed to claim *your* confidence than at this moment; in a few days, in a very few days, this offensive mystery shall be done away, when I promise myself I shall change your censure into commendation."

"My son," replied sir Ormsby, softened by

by the candid manner of Sidney, "I am not less anxious for your personal safety than alive to your fame. Good name in man or woman is as essential to their moral happiness as their eternal bliss: your name is *now* coupled with libertinism; you are suspected, nay, asserted to have been some miles from London, conducting a young and handsome woman towards the metropolis; nay, more, a *child* was of your party: if this is true, my disappointment is complete, all my hopes destroyed, and this at a moment when I had the most flattering proposal to submit to you."

"I am sorry the voice of detraction has the power of prejudicing *my* father," said Sidney, with a firm, yet respectful manner. "Allowing the report is in some degree founded on fact, as far as appearances go, did you ever know me attached to notoriety, indifferent to my *own* approbation, or regardless of your feelings, sir?"

"Never, Sidney, never, my dear son. Forgive me, I am growing fast into that stage

stage of life which is tenacious of attentions, scrupulous, in truth, jealous, where it has most cause for content."

The tears of the relenting father called forth the filial sympathy of our hero.—"Give me a few days, my dear sir," said Sidney, taking the hand of his father; "I will then throw myself on your clemency, nor doubt your acquiescence."

The approach of footsteps repressed the reply of the baronet, when the door opened, and lord Osterly was announced.

The peer hesitated as he beheld sir Ormsby.—"Well," said my lord, addressing Wentworth, "you are at *home*, I perceive, and *apparently* alone. Pardon my avowal, my dear sir Ormsby, I mean to insinuate that Wentworth has received no inmates into his family very *recently*."

"My father must endeavour to comprehend you, my lord; or, perhaps, you will be more explicit, and give him a circumstantial detail of your *suspicions*."

"What

"What a bold appeal, Wentworth! *susptcions!* truly you are an adept in *nonchalance. Entre nous,* what took you to Grinstead?"

"My servant's accident," replied Sidney. "Now may I ask why you were posting that road yesterday evening?"

"Humph!" said my lord; "then actually I was compelled to make my journey late in the day, because I was prevented making it earlier."

"A laconic, and I doubt not a faithful answer."

"Perfectly so, I assure you, Wentworth. By Jupiter, this is excellent," continued the peer, as in reclining on the sofa, he discovered a child's shoe. "Who owns this pretty thing?" said lord Osterly, holding the shoe with his arm elevated.

An honest blush of vexation rose on the cheek of Wentworth, while sir Ormsby regarded the discovery with a look of distrust.

"It

"It belongs to a little boy, at present under my protection, the son of a friend I value. Will this satisfy you, my lord?"

"I am insatiable in my curiosity," said my lord; "a sort of zest has been given to this ever-potent feeling, by the difficulties which attend my project. Pray where is the *mother* of your *protegée?*"

"I cannot reply to you, my lord; nor do I quite understand the purport of this cross examination."

"It is cross, I perceive," resumed the peer; "yet I cannot but avow my astonishment at your ignorance, with regard to the *wife* of your *valued friend.*"

"Your *curiosity* leads you very far, my lord," said Sidney, with animation. "There are situations of *reciprocal* friendship which might justify the sort of perseverance you have adopted; you must pardon me if I name *our* acquaintance as perfectly distinct from such an exaction."

"My dear sir," said lord Osterly, turning to the baronet, "this guarded fellow is more

more than a match for me; hitherto he has maintained a reputation almost immaculate; we are consequently interested in his stumbles; half a thousand of my friends are upon the look-out for this tripping moralist; and, in truth, I think he is now near detection."

"I feel you are doomed to disappointment, my lord," said sir Ormsby, who, with the true bigotry of a father, would not allow even an indirect censure to be cast upon his son, however *he* might choose to rally him. "Though the action of an upright man need no defence, and are for the most part openly exercised, there may be motives for withholding some circumstances from general acquaintances. No, my lord, though your raillery makes me smile, it does not by any means alarm my feelings as a father."

"What an abstracted countenance! Wentworth, you are plotting, I see it in your eyes; be ingenuous; am I the victim of your spleen?"

"You,

"You, my lord! I have no plans which can interfere with you, at least I *hope* not: You are already the victim of Supple; who that knew you would increase your bondage?"

"By Heaven, there is not a more independent spirit than my own! I a slave to Supple! your prejudices are cruel; nay, you are ungrateful; he does you justice on every occasion."

"Indeed!" said Sidney; "what a misfortune I cannot value the empoisoned bait!"

"Well, I must be off, thou moody, testy, censorious animal! Oh, pray have you seen lady Tadcaster since the ball?".

"I have not."

"Then you have a pleasure to come; she is all eloquent in your praise, and would willingly give her little *Cowslip* to your arms; she is a divine girl; I was in love with her for three hours; she broke the charm. You wont believe me, Wentworth; but quiz me if I like your very handsome

handsome girls who are set up for show; there is a sameness in their manner; even their language is a prearranged lesson. Fanny Beverly is the woman; she, and one other girl I could name, outstrip all your tutored misses. Now ponder, Wentworth. Adieu," and bowing to the baronet, his lordship retired.

There was no reason why Wentworth should ponder; his lordship's desultory and somewhat impertinent manner, bore an evident tendency to making the orphan Amelia conspicuous, if not erring; it was clear she was considered to be the partner of his journey; this report could only be injurious where the parties were predisposed to condemn. Believing the object of his anxiety was yet an inmate of lady Tadcaster's, Wentworth was but imperfectly acquainted with those circumstances which had helped to corroborate the opinions now circulated. While, in idea, he was defending his favourite from the venom of detraction, sir Ormsby had taken up the unfortunate

unfortunate shoe; Sidney caught the eye of his father fixed anxiously on his countenance.

With a smile which rectitude alone could have produced, he descanted on the whimsical discovery.—"Had it been a woman's shoe," said Sidney, "the ridiculous effrontery of Osterly would have been excusable. I will make you laugh at this *denouement* ere long, my dear sir. Lady Beverly too, she has been on the alert to detect my irregularities. I know not whether my self-importance should grow on these various proofs of *remembrance*; do they consider me so weak-minded as to require these little philippics? or are they salvos to my supposed lost character, which, by hinting that I am *known*, may extend my licence to be a villain?"

"Grace is ever your kindest friend," said sir Ormsby; "you do her injustice in considering her other; she is the tenderest of mediators."

"Have I *required* one, sir?"

"You

"You have, Sidney; I acknowledge you have; my feelings were wounded by the reports I heard. You tell me I may be at peace on the subject; I must believe you; you were always ingenuous. Now I have you alone, my son, I cannot forbear to inform you lord Arlingham is desirous of a connexion with my family; you will bless my remaining days, by receiving this overture as it should be received. I have seen the lovely lady Anna; she is amiable and unaffected, a stranger to our plans; I sought her sentiments, and was gratified by the manner in which she spoke of you; you have only to *improve* the favourable impression, and be happy."

"How mistaken!" said Sidney. "The friendship, and I might add, the *confidence* with which lady Anna has honoured me, must ever claim my gratitude as a friend; when I say this, I name the *extent* of my feelings towards her. She is already engaged to a worthy and amiable young man, one I highly esteem; but were she free to choose,

choose, and distinguished me by her preference, I should be unworthy of her; she is not the woman I could love."

"You are trifling away your happiness, Sidney, refining your ideas; and for what? will you ever meet the creature of your fancy? never; nor can I understand how lord Arlingham should be a stranger to a decision so important as that you name."

"I believe, sir," said Wentworth, with a smile, "parents are not always the *first* confidants of lovers; and lord Arlingham is, of all men, least endowed with that conciliation of manner which wins confidence."

"Do you uphold such conduct, Sidney? are not parents, by nature and experience, entitled to direct their children?"

"Why, I think not, in a point so delicate as marriage. *Boys* and *girls* may run riot from authority, and excite the regret of parents. For my own part, I must choose for myself. I should lament my choice being other than you approved,

and duty might lead me to await your more favourable sentiments; but I certainly could not retract my preference, nor yield it but with life."

"Truly this is a most consoling prospect for a father, sir. You refuse the woman I select; how do I know whom your eccentric notions may lead you to prefer?"

"You have already named my ideal excellence as the creature of fancy, sir: to prove I am not a visionist, I avow I have found her; and when *she* justifies my decided love, by allowing me to hope, I will instantly ask your confidence, and, I trust, gain your assent."

"I don't know that, Sidney; I have strange presages; you are not going to raise to your name a woman who has fallen from virtue? If you have deceived a too credulous woman, make no demur, draw on my purse, I will drain it to save her from further guilt; but she must not take *my* name."

"Good Heavens, sir!" said Sidney, "how

how have I expressed myself, that you should thus mistake me? what *hope* could I have in *such* a woman? my principles have never yet led me to a conduct so criminal; and if I had been so erring, believe me, I would not have left her too confiding nature to meet even the liberality of a father."

"Then I am to expect your confidence?" said the baronet, rising. "Sidney, you are too deep a casuist for your father; I believe you would not defend a cause which would not bear detection. I must rely on your assertion—you will not marry without my consent?"

"Never, sir; I could not live under your displeasure; but you will allow me to live single, if I do not produce the woman you can approve."

"These are hard terms, my son; consider how time is fleeing; you will be thirty in a few months; it is full time to settle; I was a father at six-and-twenty."

"You would have married earlier," said Sidney, with an impressive voice.

"I would, I would," said the baronet; "but you know how my youthful visions vanished."

"I do, sir; mine is no less powerful, with this difference, it will not yield to time."

"May there be no necessity that it should do so," said sir Ormsby, as he moved towards the door.

"I will walk with you, sir," said Sidney; "I must see Grace, and scold her;" and leaning on the arm of his son, the baronet departed.

It required some address to parry the gaiety of lady Beverly, who, half persuaded of our hero's dereliction from propriety, was incredulous, and full of doubts. The history of the *shoe* had already reached Grosvenor-square, lord Osterly having made a point of conveying the important facts, with many additions. Supple, the insatiate

satiate vehicle of slander, had been an early visitor of lady Beverly's, to whom, in the presence of sir Ormsby, he imparted the journey of Wentworth, with the detail of his being accompanied by a female and child; this, though correct, was in point of identity uncertain, even with the detractor, who, with lord Osterly, had pursued our heroine, as they imagined, to Grinstead. The coincidence of meeting Wentworth on the road did not occur to them as of consequence, until arriving at the inn, they learned the sufferers were gone; the name of Wentworth was mentioned; and upon a question of Supple's, which sought to know if a female was of the party, the reply corroborated their newly-raised suspicions; and without seeking further, they posted back to London, to promulgate that scandal which the discomfiture of their plans made them active to excite.

Thus the *ci-devant* governess, she whose *inferior* situation in life made her too *distinct* to be named by great folks, was now

in her implied notoriety the subject of universal remembrance. The fears of sir Ormsby and lady Beverly were poignant and severe; they were far inferior to the pangs felt by Mrs. Marnley on this occasion; she heard the tale with silent astonishment; well as she *thought* she knew the character of our hero, there was something unaccountable in the publicity of his conduct. Humbled in herself, as she reflected how he had receded from her *offered* love, her rage was proportionably directed towards the object of his voluntary love, as if the supposed crime of Wentworth deserved an epithet so pure, or that it should not rather excite the *commiseration* than the jealousy of a woman. How variously must this soul-subduing passion effect its victims, that its most perverted ebullitions should raise envy where it should create pity!

It was with the most affectionate caution lady Beverly whispered in the ear of Wentworth, that Amelia had quitted lady Tadcaster;

caster; she had observed in the manner of Wentworth an ingenuousness that surprised her; not one of his replies bore the least reference to a knowledge of the fact; and when she imparted this truth, the effect it produced gave a more clear development of the projected detraction than it was possible to imagine.

"When? how?" said Sidney; "who told you so?"

"Lady Tadcaster herself," said lady Beverly; "she was at lady Fenning's last night, full of indignation at the high mind of Miss Sidney."

"I believe she has a just, rather than a high mind," said Sidney. "This explanation opens my eyes. Osterly had some wild project in view, and Supple is his agent. Where is she gone, did you learn?"

Lady Beverly replied in the negative.

"I must go," said our hero; "I think I know where she is. If you hear any item respecting this dear unfortunate, let me know;" and declining an invitation for

dinner, he hastened home, and ordering his horses to be ready, proceeded to Friday-street.

Here a scene of distress presented itself; Mr. Hopkins was raving against his partner, who had gone on an expedition to Margate, with her dear friend Mr. Vulpine. —"She shall never enter these doors," said the justly-incensed husband.

"Dear papa," said the weeping girls, "my mama knew you would not consent to her going; and, indeed, her health requires change of air."

"I wont be talked too," replied the deputy; "a wife should be controlled; she is under authority."

Wentworth was tenacious of intruding his inquiries; his situation was awkward; it was not for *him* to offer advice; yet his feelings were interested in the real agitation of the girls.

"We must not judge hastily, my dear sir," said Sidney; "*we* are not always aware of the necessity of relaxation with women

men of delicate health; they are tender by nature."

"And frail too, add; no, no, Mr. Wentworth, reasoning will do no good now; you are not a married man, or you would feel as I do."

Wentworth was silent; the appeal was unanswerable; and as the wounded husband withdrew to hide his tears, our hero sat lost in a reverie, of which *wedded attachment* was the principal idea. Observing the silence of his companions, he ventured to inquire after our heroine.

"Miss Sidney was here two days ago," said Jemima Hopkins; "she only waited a few hours till my uncle Carberry could manage to attend her."

"What, then the *elder* Mr. Carberry left town with Miss Sidney?" said our hero.

"Yes, sir; my cousin Henry is poorly, or he would have gone with pleasure; but I declare I think uncle is almost in love with her, he spoke of her in such a way this morning."

"They have returned then—where does Miss Sidney reside?"

"Only my uncle returned, sir: Miss Sidney went on to her friends at Westbourne, I *think*. Nancy, was it not?"

"I believe uncle said so," replied Nancy. "Really I am glad Miss Sidney is gone to her relations; she is a sweet girl, and not fit to buffet with the world."

Wentworth's approving smile gave courage to the young champion.

"I dare say she will marry well; perhaps the nobleman at the castle may fall in love with her; I should not wonder."

"If you mean the owner of Westbourne Castle," said Sidney, "you are, perhaps, a stranger to the gentleman, who is advanced in life; nay, has a daughter older than Miss Sidney."

"Well, I had planned such an interesting story," said the disappointed Nancy; "how provoking! but perhaps she may meet with a young man of her own age; how glad I should be, she is so deserving!"

"That

"That Miss Sidney is worthy of your good opinion, there can be no doubt," said Wentworth; "I shall have much pleasure in communicating your zealous wishes for her happiness."

"Are you going to Westbourne?" asked Jemima, eagerly.

"I shall certainly do so in a few days: have you any commands, ladies?"

"No; indeed, sir, we are greatly obliged to you; but we can have nothing to say *just now*," said Jemima. "If papa was not so unhappy, I would tell him you were going, sir, for I am sure he would send a thousand kind messages to Miss Sidney; she is such a favourite with him."

Having gained the required information, our hero was anxious to be-gone; yet his impatience did not lead him into any oversight or inattention to the sisters; on the contrary, as Jemima watched his departure from the window, she declared Mr. Wentworth was, beyond a doubt, handsomer than her cousin Henry; though, cer-

tainly, it was impossible to be more agreeable than Henry; "yet, I declare, Nancy, I never saw a man more gentle and engaging. I should pity Miss Sidney, if he does not *really* love her; he is too pleasing to be seen with indifference."

Nancy half smiled at the eulogium of her sister; and had not the entrance of the deputy put soft ideas to flight, would have rallied her upon the subject.

Leaving the deserted husband to bewail his truant wife, we will follow Wentworth, who, highly gratified by the information he had gained, felt his spirits elated even to cheerfulness.

The absence of Amelia was a complete rebuff to her detractors; her protector in her journey, a man of high character, and an elderly man; she was now beyond the sphere of her enemies.—"What if her retreat was humble, it was a home; and if she returns my vows with tender confidence, I will give her a home suited to her mind," said Sidney, "a peaceful happy home, where

where she shall reign in all the royalty of love, the legal partner of a heart which beats for her alone."

Our *Englishman*, as he stepped on *terra firma*, brought his ideas more within immediate probabilities; he sought the library, read a few letters, received the watch for his little visitor, and fixing the seal of Durweston to the ribbon, proceeded to the chamber of the child.—"You shall have this," said Wentworth, "if you will call *me* Sidney."

"You are not *my* Sidney," said the child; "you are Wentworth."

"Fie, master Charles," said Nancy Bevans; "why don't you do as you are bid? You see, sir," she continued, "he has been used to call a young lady by that name, and does not understand how anybody else can have the same name."

This was an opportunity for inquiry, which Wentworth, with all his integrity, could not resist. Giving the watch to Charles, he addressed Nancy in a half careless way.

—"Who

—" Who is the lady he meant? is she Mr. Durweston's sister, or a friend?"

" No relation at all, sir; Miss Fitz—— Miss Sidney, I mean, is an orphan under the care of my mistress."

" Why do you hesitate to declare the real name of this lady? it is Fitzhenry; I know her friends."

" Do you, sir? then I wish you would let Mrs. Manderson know where they are, for she often cries, and says she shall not live to see her dear child (as she calls my young lady) placed under their protection."

" Did Mrs. Manderson consent to Miss Fitzhenry's leaving her?"

" Why, I can hardly say she did, sir; my young mistress made it out so fair to her, promising to try it for a few days only, and to come home if she was not happy; but, la! as I said to my father, she lost all her colour, and looked quite miserable; yet she always spoke cheerful when she called, and did not even let her know when she left

left the widow lady: but she will be happier now; by all accounts, it is a very pretty cottage my mistress has got."

"You speak of Mrs. Manderson as your mistress," said Sidney; "pray where is this child's mother?"

"Why, indeed, sir—that is, the family never mention her; some say she is dead, but I am afraid it is not true. Never was a better husband than my master; if her finger ached, he was miserable. This poor little boy was barely three years old when she left him, and went off with a French officer. Oh, sir! if you had seen our house then; never was there such a comforter as Miss Amelia, she was so mindful and so active; my master would have died, I verily believe, if it had not been for her."

"Indeed!" said Sidney, thoughtfully. "Pray where did this happen? I do not remember having heard the circumstance."

"It was in France, sir; Mr. Durweston *married* in America; Miss De V—— was of a French family; she was very beautiful and

and young; she had no mother; and her father, who went back to France to try after some of his property, for I should have told you, sir, they went to America because of the troubles in France; the poor gentleman never returned to America; so, as I may say, my master did a generous thing in marrying Miss de V——, who had not a farthing fortune: but it so happened by chance, the count de V—— met my master at Pentonville; it was quite miraculous, sir, for the count happened to notice master Charles one day, who was in my arms; he asked his name, and when I said Durweston, he was ready to faint; but his love for the child got the better, and he came to my master; and soon after that it was planned that the family should go to Westbourne to live."

"Mrs. Durweston was the daughter of the count?" said Sidney.

"Yes, sir; she was of a great family; I wish she had been as good as she looked: we did hear she was come to England; and then

then it was said she died in Spain; I wish it may be so."

"You will excuse my curiosity," said Wentworth; "Mr. Durweston appeared uneasy in his mind, and I knew not how to address him, wishing, as I did, to make a very particular inquiry; your explanation prevents the necessity of my troubling him; and in the course of a very short time, I shall acquaint him with this our interview."

"Exactly as you please, sir; he, nor even Miss Amelia, could not be angry at *your* knowing the truth; and she is *very* particular, to be sure."

"All delicate women are scrupulous of submitting private occurrences to strangers," replied Sidney; "I must endeavour to persuade your young lady to forgive my presumption."

"Will you, sir?" said Nancy, eagerly; "I am sure you ought not to fear her answer, to think how good you have been to this poor little dear. Somehow it is odd, sir;

sir; but I said to my father, after that time you were so good as to send him the money, I said I wished you were Miss Amelia's—that is, I mean I wished you were a friend to the family, sir;" and she blushed at the ill-connected compliment she had presumed to offer.

"You did me an honour," said Sidney; "your wishes are in a degree fulfilled; it must be your part to make this dear little fellow sociable," taking the child in his arms.

"I will show papa this," said the observing boy; "seal like papa's;" and he held the impression towards our hero.

Wentworth saw a speedy discovery must ensue; yet he did not change his purpose; it was desirable he should restore it to its owner, and it was not possible to speak or write upon the subject; as such, he left the issue to a negotiator, who would not wound by his eloquence, nor excite distrust by his calmness.

Having given a few minutes to his toilet, our

our hero repaired to the drawing-room, in the full expectation of Durweston's arrival. He waited *half* an hour beyond his usual dinner-hour, in the hope of eating his meal with a companion. He came not; Sidney dined; loitered over his dessert, culling the ripest fruits for Charles Durweston, who sat in smiling joy, the emblem of content.

The evening was closing in; Sidney arose, and taking his young friend by the hand, ascended to the drawing-room. The window shades now obscured too much of the light; as he stood in the act of raising them, a female, in that path next the horse-ride leading from Cumberland Gate, waved her handkerchief in token of recognition. Sidney paused; it might be that sort of mockery which the *vulgar* term a good joke; and it might be one of those unfortunate beings, who, strangers to decency, have not the power of discrimination.

He stood watching the manner of his incognito, when she again waved her handkerchief;

chief; and darting under the rails, ran across the road. Sidney leaned over the balcony, when he heard his name uttered in a hurried voice.—"Who is it calls on me?" asked Wentworth.

"One who anxiously seeks your confidence; give me a few minutes conversation."

"Come round and ask admittance," said Wentworth.

"No, I cannot do that," replied the bold suppliant; "admit me yourself by the back entrance."

Sidney hesitated; he could not to a woman make a harsh reply; yet to admit her was against his principles. The silence which now reigned led him to believe she had foregone her purpose: a few minutes undeceived him; the same figure now appeared in Park-lane; and as she crossed from the railed side, the motion of her hand implied confidence in her admission. Seizing the key which secured the gate, Sidney fled down the stairs, the caution with

with which he prosecuted his purpose giving to a casual mystery all the secrecy and trepidation of guilt.—"Merciful Heaven!" said Wentworth, as on opening the door he discovered Mrs. Marnley, "why are you here?"

"Despair has brought me hither, and nothing but *conviction* shall take me hence. Cruel, ungenerous Wentworth! do we meet thus?"

"You must go, and immediately," replied Sidney; "I will accompany you; you will thank me for it to-morrow. Come, let me entreat of you to reflect what an appearance your entrance in such a way must produce."

"I care not," said the desperate Clara, "now the worst is over;" when on entering the drawing-room, the sight of the child awakened all the violence of her disposition. "It is true!" she exclaimed; "and has all *your* morality ended in this bold decision? do you openly protect him?" and she pointed at the unconscious offender,

offender, who mistaking the movement of her hand, advanced towards the indignant widow. "My God!" said she, softened by an appeal so genuine, "I thought I could hate the boy;" and taking him in her arms, she caressed him with an agitation she vainly endeavoured to hide.

"Listen," said the little prattler, putting his watch to her ear; "is it Charles's bed-time?"

"The evening is closing fast," replied Sidney, with a glance, which half suggested the propriety of his visitor's departure.

"Wentworth," said Mrs. Marnley, "this calmness is the most humiliating of insults—any other woman than myself would have sought a legal redress for your falsified vows—you can affect surprise—I see your philosophic policy—I have a claim, a prior claim to your hand—you pursued me, when it was not less criminal than *ungrateful*. Where is that integrity which should dictate the only reparation for feelings thus wounded, thus humbled?" and overpowered

overpowered by emotion, she removed the child from her knee, and for some moments struggled against a strong tendency to hysterics.

"I know not how to reply to you," said Sidney; "did I consider myself bound to you by the *least* liable promise, my principles would lead me to ratify the obligation. Be more true to yourself, my dear madam; if my presumption has at any time led me to forget what was due to you as a woman of honour, my vanity met its just degradation in the *rectitude* of your conduct. I can with truth aver, and your *reflection* will confirm what I say, that no *promise* ever passed my lips. Forgive me; I fear your anger; but *where* I have elicited a manner so unworthy the countenance of a *modest* woman, I could never hope, nor yet *wish* to revoke her just indignation; her confidence in my principles must be weakened; I must live to amend my errors; and I trust I shall find you a *lenient* and an *approving friend*."

"Never

"Never, Wentworth; your sophistry *should* lead me to despise you, cruel, ungrateful man; my unsuspecting nature was not endowed with that sober caution essential to the peace of woman, when opposed to the arts of a libertine."

"I do not *deserve* the odious appellation," replied Sidney, half roused to recriminate the undue slander. "I crave your pardon," he added; "my warmth seems out of place; could you see my heart, did you understand how tenderly I regard your sex, you would not give me the opportunity of uttering a word that could give umbrage to you."

A loud rap rang through the hall.

"Good Heavens!" continued Wentworth, in real agitation. Mrs. Marnley fled towards our hero.—"Be composed," said he, reseating her; "I expect a friend, and must endeavour to give a probable reason for the honour of this visit."

"The honour," sighed the mortified Clara; "rather say the misery."

Wentworth

Wentworth looked an assent to the apostrophe, as he arose to meet Durweston.

"Was it idleness or business detained you so late?" said Sidney, addressing his friend.

"Neither," said Durweston; "I found Henry Carberry much out of spirits; and at his entreaty took my dinner with him."

"I am sorry to hear he is ill," said Sidney. "Is it necessary I should introduce Mrs. Marnley to Mr. Durweston?" he added.

Durweston bowed coldly; the veil of the culprit Clara nearly obscured her features. —"I should have known the lady," said he, "had not her veil concealed her profile."

Wentworth saw in the countenance of his friend all the indignation he felt towards the widow.—"See, our little patient is asleep behind you," said Sidney.

Durweston approached the sofa; and as the anxious father held the pulse of his beloved boy, Mrs. Marnley gazed on the

care-worn figure of Durweston with scrupulous curiosity.

The child awoke; and as he recognised his father—"See," said the ardent boy, "Wentworth has given me this;" and he held the watch to Durweston.

"You will spoil my boy, Mr. Wentworth;" and fixing his eyes on the identical seal, he paused. "Go, Charles, go to Wentworth, as you call him, and tell him, *time* tries friendship, but *eternity* alone can dissolve ours;" and rising, he bowed hastily to Mrs. Marnley, and quitted the room.

Our hero kissed the unintelligible messenger, and touching the bell, gave him in charge to a servant.—"If you have recovered your fatigue," said he, addressing Mrs. Marnley (while yet the servant remained), "I will attend you; or shall I order the carriage?"

"I would rather walk," replied the widow.

"Philip," resumed Sidney, "give orders that the entrance to the back gate may be made

made more cleanly; the door was so clogged with gravel, I could scarcely admit this lady."

Philip withdrew with the child.

"What an adept in finesse!" said Mrs. Marnley, losing in the calmness of our hero's explanation all the value of its delicacy.

"It is simple propriety, madam; I am unfortunate if it displeases you, and can only regret there was not an opportunity to submit the explanation to *your* own decision;" and leading the indignant Clara, he descended to the hall. "I shall return in a quarter of an hour, tell Mr. Durweston so, Philip."

"Durweston!" repeated Mrs. Marnley; "the name struck me; is not he the friend or husband of Miss Sidney, as they call her?"

"He is the nephew of her protectress; not her husband, I assure you."

"He mentioned young Carberry's illness; I hope it is not serious."

 "I believe

"I believe not."

"What an impenetrable being you are! defend me from such unnatural stoicism. It is probable we have met for the last time," she continued, in a faltering voice; "tell me, Wentworth, be ingenuous, is that child really Durweston's?"

"He is."

"Where is Miss Sidney? I heard she was under your protection."

"Could you credit so vile a report? where is your discernment? did you ever observe in that sweet girl a conduct that could justify such a belief? you are credulous, and by situation open to the arts of the designing; be just to yourself, nor suffer this vilest of slavery to steel your heart against the affiliating charm of womanhood. Heaven knows, ye are exposed to innumerable dangers; but if ye wound each other, the sisterly bond is broken, and ye are the most desolate of beings."

"Go, leave me," said Mrs. Marnley; "I did not require further humbling."

"I cannot

"I cannot leave you here," replied Sidney, walking by the side of his offended companion, who had dropped his arm.

They reached Grosvenor-street; as Sidney loosed the rapper, Mrs. Marnley laid her hand on his arm.—"Finally," said she, "tell me, have you addressed Miss Sidney?"

"Not decidedly as *yet*."

"You mean to do so; she will be your wife?"

"Certainly, if she accepts of my addresses."

"Enough. Adieu!" and rushing by the servant who attended, she left the emancipated Wentworth to retread his way towards Park-lane.

If feminine delicacy had not ever been a potent charm of character in the eyes of our *Englishman*, the indecorous temerity of Mrs. Marnley would have led to that analysis which must have educed strong proscriptions to the sphere of *female* action. The assault of the widow was

founded on the most insecure of all reversions. The *unconnected* woman, whom vice has humbled, rarely finds refuge in the promises of her betrayer; and can a *married* woman, who must always be considered her *own* seducer, can she expect a fealty she so little deserves? There may be (and, indeed, they might be culled from *exalted* life) a few men who, strangers to the charm of virtue, attach themselves to women avowedly unworthy of esteem; but are *they* the men who are to give the example to their fellows? it is less than manly to adopt the *fashions* which conspicuous boobies invent in the absence of *intellect*; but to succumb to their *moral* patterns, is to give vice a preeminence truly alarming. To trace effects to causes, is beyond the province of the novelist, more especially a female scribbler; yet how little reflection is requisite to place the effects of immorality in its most fearful point of view! The decline of those nations, once the admiration of the world, to what is their degradation

tion imputed? I believe it is allowed that the *morals* of a country are its most lasting security, their laxity its slow but certain destruction.

If men were novel-readers, and, *entre nous*, they *may* use their time in less objectionable pursuits, I should be tempted to say more to *Englishmen* on the subject of glaring immoralities; doubtful of even their most *transient* notice, I desist, convinced that however they may gloss their errors, they at times must tally with the internal monitor; for "No man hath a virtue that he has not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it;" and from the mere habit of association, the account will lie open.

It is evident our *Englishman*, though the transient victim of a Circe, reserved to himself the happiest of all possessions, a clear conscience. In a certain rank of life, the casualties of conversation are in a degree tinctured with gallantry; and however humble the personal vanity of man, he

cannot be insensible to the influence he possesses; and though he should in secret despise the "little arts" by which he is won, he is frequently the creature of situation, rather than a premeditated villain. An escape from death usually excites the gratitude of the rescued atom; an escape from moral error bears an equal claim to our thankfulness; it is a triumph which may with reason exalt us in our own eyes; and were this the ultimatum of man's views, it would give that consolation to his bosom "which the world cannot give;" but it goes farther, it passes into that registry where the good and the evil are scrupulously defined; happy are they who look forward to the opening of that record as creatures not void of hope, impressed only by the infinite wisdom of the celestial arbiter, while reposing on the benevolence and justice of the individual decree.

As our hero on his return joined Durweston, the idea of Mrs. Marnley's visit, as observed

observed by the grief-taught husband, gave Sidney a feeling of embarrassment he could not shake off. Durweston saw the internal conflict, with a smile which penetrated the uncongenial gloom of his host; he remarked the beauty of Mrs. Marnley.—"If I could divest myself of some well-founded prejudices," said Durweston, "I should call you a happy man."

"My happiness can never be increased by a reference to Mrs. Marnley," replied Sidney: "do not mistake me," he added; "your observation is founded on an appearance which in a degree justifies your surmise. Are you unacquainted with the nature of the trust reposed in me by her husband?"

"I have heard the senior Carberry name it; and more, he says Mrs. Marnley is well disposed to give you a *legal* claim to her property; can you be insensible to such a distinction?"

"Insensible! I abhor the idea; nor is

there the least foundation for such a rumour."

"I am glad you say so, Mr. Wentworth. Our acquaintance, though recent, commenced under circumstances which set forms at a distance; my disposition is sanguine, miserably so for my own peace; be not deceived by external appearances; *prove* the *principles* of the woman to whom you give your name, and avoid the anguish I have known;" and rising from his seat, the agitated husband walked the room for some minutes.

"If you mourn a dereliction so lamentably distressing, what security can I feel in my own fate?"

"You have an evident advantage over me," resumed Durweston. "I married too early in life. If my boy lives, and would wear my love, I will prohibit his forming a connexion so irrevocable, until he is of an age to act from reason. No language can do justice to the feelings of a deserted husband;

husband; I swear to you, Mr. Wentworth, madness would have been bliss to me at one period of my life; it has passed away, and I now feel all that contempt for my betrayer which her conduct deserves."

"In the most trivial breaches of confidence, our integrity is painfully wounded; but in the case of a wife's dishonour, surely the release from her deceptive enthralment brings a consolation which restores us to ourselves."

"After a time, Mr. Wentworth, I admit it does: the first pang, my God! I shall never forget the internal conflict it produced; the rack would have been a merciful torture, compared with my turbulent feelings. I would have pursued her, and revenged myself on her companion; insanity succeeded to my sense of degradation; and here the gracious tenderness of woman, of virtuous, transcendantly lovely woman, lent her powerful aid to stem my unconscious sorrow; and when I awoke to reason, her arguments repressed resent-

ment, and taught me to abandon the truant to her fate."

"It is a false principle of honour to risk a valuable life in the defence of infamy," said Sidney; "I believe the *first* impulse may lead to such a determination; I own *I* would never spill *my* blood in the cause of a woman whom my *affections* could not retain."

"This is the decision of reflection, the mean by which all our actions should be guided; man will never reach this happy perfection of mind, nor can I strongly deplore his tangibility of character; if we are alive to the generous feelings of nature, the alloys of life will necessarily touch the heart; it is happy for him when the determinate offices of friendship step in and check his irascible feelings; but to feel keenly, is a melancholy bliss in which I own I often feel satisfaction."

"It is a very erroneous indulgence," said our hero, softened by an elucidation which spoke the sanguine Durweston more than

than a theorist. "We should certainly endeavour to diminish the drawbacks on our happiness, by calming our too intense feelings."

"You never gave your faith to a woman," said Durweston; "trusted your very soul to her keeping, believing implicitly in her love; no, no, it will not bear revision; she has left me a blank in society."

"Let us drop this subject," said Sidney, in a voice half faltering. "Durweston, from this moment we are brothers in sentiment; I am your senior in years—will you forgive me if I use an elder brother's authority? I must know, and I would rather learn it from yourself, how can I prove myself worthy of your confidence? remember I speak from no authority—it is, I had almost said, the *first* purpose of my heart to deserve your friendship."

Durweston smiled languidly.—"You remember our juvenile friend Horace—he says—

"Jove

" Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away."

"I am of his opinion; a subordinate situation in life is only humiliating from the conviction that we deserve the degradation; mine is counterbalanced in a great measure by the friendship of Henry Carberry, to whose worth I can never do justice by any praise I should bestow upon him. Fate has recently brought me to the knowledge of my boy's grandfather, from whom Charles *will* inherit a respectable independence. The count de V——, the noble emigrant in question, is attached to me, and insists upon my becoming the guardian of my boy; I have not yet resolved the subject in my mind. I was not bred to ease; a soldier, until within the last two years, I was inured to the hardships of the profession; a wound which threatened my life, and from which I now suffer occasionally, caused me to sell out; and, indeed, my relative situation, added to my bodily anguish, made the sacrifice desirable:

desirable: and here again the influence of woman half leads me to concede; an aged relation, whose cares shielded my infancy, and reared me to manhood, she claims my acquiescence; should I comply, you will see me henceforth in the character of a farmer, an avocation to which my early pursuits would lend some assistance; I have some taste for agriculture, and am fond of botany."

"I rejoice in your plan," said Wentworth, "but should like to fix the sphere of your action; let Adderfield be subject to your taste; I have a feeling interest in its improvement, and could fix upon a dwelling exactly suited to your exertions."

"You are an active negotiator," said Durweston, laughing. "I cannot reply decidedly; a residence near you would own strong attractions; but there are at *present* obstacles to such an arrangement."

"Surely," said Sidney, "you do not bear in mind the mistake of my father; believe me, he is anxious to cancel his error,

error, and do justice to your intentions; and, indeed, I was on the point of asking your permission to receive him to breakfast to-morrow morning, in order to make him easy on the subject."

"I cannot possibly object to meeting sir Ormsby," said Durweston; "you mistake my allusion, which refers to the count; I must leave you early to-morrow, but any other morning you name, I will with pleasure meet your father."

"Thank you," said Wentworth; "this is a promising and highly desirable circumstance. I have my reserves at present, and it is with violence to my feelings I withhold them from your friendship; I will not be indebted to your offices, which might, perhaps, facilitate my views. Durweston, you cannot penetrate my plans, yet I will vouch for your participating in their *happy* fruition."

"There can be no doubt of that," said Durweston: "I grant you are ambiguous; nay, you have excited my curiosity;

riosity; it cannot be as my imagination suggests. Do you know—— poh! I must wait your confidence."

"What would you say?"

"It was a mere vagary, one of my sanguine flights, which experience has not taught me to subdue."

"You will meet my father any day after to-morrow?"

"Certainly."

"I will see him in the morning and fix the time," replied our hero, well pleased at having gained a point so essential to his future and *immediate* line of action.

Thus had the social heart of our Englishman elucidated, by the gracious charm of hospitality, consequences of the most soothing import to his affections; and yet what a simple effort produced this effect! had he lived for himself, had he not considered himself a brother to the unfortunate, and a protector of the helpless, friendship might have continued to languish, or advance by the slow medium of forms, and his infant

hostage

hostage been a stranger to his benevolent disposition. That lurking principle which the reader will detect, as the more ostensible motive of his conduct, will stand the test of inquiry; it was founded on purity, and by softening the lively temperament of his character, prepared his mind for the performance of every virtue; the scite was fair, and the works did not dishonour the master.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

"When fortune, various goddess, lowers,
Collect your strength, exert your powers;
But when she breathes a kinder gale,
Be wise, and furl your swelling sail."

WENTWORTH believed the kindlier gale refreshed his path at this period of our history, and in this happy conviction resolved upon seizing the blissful promises of hope. The grateful allusions of Durweston, as referring to woman's tenderness and friendship, were, by our sanguine hero, placed to the account of Amelia.—"In all our eulogiums on the aged," said our trusting enthusiast, "there is a chastened calmness of expression. No man would call an old woman transcendently lovely," thought our

our Englishman, forgetting, in his lover's speculation, the many *living* instances which would refute his avowal. "I must *once* more risk my father's *temporary* displeasure," thought he; "I will go to Westbourne and see Amelia, uninfluenced by the zeal of Durweston, of whose assent I can have no doubt."

This project was scarcely formed, when the subjoined letter was presented to Sidney, when a new and yet more promising scheme instantly suggested itself; it ran thus:—

To Sidney Wentworth, Esq.

"SIR,

"I DID not learn until yesterday, that the Mr. Wentworth I had the pleasure of meeting at lady Tadcaster's was the son of sir Ormsby Wentworth, a circumstance I sincerely regret, from a motive which I fear it would be difficult to divest of self-interest. It appears to me highly probable

bable you have the power of relieving my anxiety, with respect to a female connexion of mine, of the name of Fitzhenry. I addressed a letter to Adderfield the day of my arrival in London; not receiving any answer, and being equally unfortunate in a similar inquiry addressed to a Mrs. Manderson, who, when I last heard of her, was in Ireland, my uneasiness is greatly increased. Will you have the goodness to explain this to sir Ormsby, who I conclude is at Adderfield; at the same time reminding him that I am the George Fitzhenry whom he may remember having entertained at Wentworth Hall twenty-seven years ago. It was truly unfortunate I did not attain a more distinct introduction to you; it would have saved me some days of anxiety, and relieved you from the importunity of a stranger, who is, nevertheless, with much esteem, your obedient servant,

"GEORGE FITZHENRY.

"Plough Inn, Cheltenham, July 17."

"How

"How extraordinary," said Wentworth. "Good Heavens! could the dear girl have imagined she was conversing with her only natural protector that evening? She called him colonel Renny; it is accounted for; the *inarticulate* language of *very* fashionable people exposes us to such mistakes. Now then my plans are changed; I will join the colonel, and have the inexpressible delight of leading him to the presence of my Amelia." He could not reconcile himself to the idea of exposing Philip to fatigue, so soon after his accident; beside, his presence was essential to the comforts of his visitors. Addressing a few lines to sir Ormsby, he claimed his indulgence for a few days; then writing an apology to Durweston, which half explained his absence as concerned with his interest, he entreated his continuance in Park-street until he should return, promising from that period to have no reserves with a friend he so truly valued.

This done, our Englishman ordered a chaise

chaise to be procured, and with a buoyant heart quitted London. Scarcely stopping for refreshment, Sidney pursued his journey, and at two o'clock on the ensuing morning reached Cheltenham. Taking up his residence at the inn from which Fitzhenry's letter was dated, he awaited the approach of morning with much impatience. At length the servants of the residents were seen passing and repassing. Wentworth ordered colonel Fitzhenry's man to be sent to him; the servant appeared.—"Tell your master Mr. Wentworth begs leave to wait upon him," said Sidney.

"I will let the colonel know directly he rings his bell," said the man; "but he is not well, sir, and sleeps so little, I hope you will excuse my not disturbing him."

"Certainly," replied Wentworth, "you are perfectly right; I will take a walk in the meanwhile;" and sallying forth, our hero proceeded to the well-walk.

Here, contrary to his wishes, he met many of his acquaintance; amongst others, lord

lord Weybridge.—"Ah, my dear fellow," said his lordship, "how excessively glad I am to see you! tell me, how goes the town?"

"I know of no change that *can* have occurred since your departure, my lord, excepting the arrival of a new day."

"And what more likely to excite curiosity, Wentworth? are they not the definite sphere of human action? the sun *rises* on unprojected schemes; it *sets* in judgment on the past hours."

"To what am I to impute this sober alteration?" asked Sidney; "is it real, or are you imposing upon me?"

"Serious, Wentworth; *bona fide* serious. I have resolved on matrimony; nay, no laughing; I was half in love before I knew the connexion would be respectable; and now, in the absence of my fair, I am paying my devoirs to a nabob; no bad speculation, as half a hundred of the pretty women in this walk would tell me."

"You surprise me," said Sidney, and he looked

looked as if *vexation* was added to surprise; "may I ask the name of your *male* attraction?"

"No—yes—who cares? you must discover it if you remain here. Colonel Fitzhenry is the man; now are you satisfied?"

"Not quite," said our hero; "I should like the lady's name, if not too great a favour."

"That is going beyond the mark; yet why should I withhold it? Well then, the *ci-devant* governess of the ladies Dalton is the niece, or, I will say, the *protegée* of the colonel; she is to take his name. *Entre nous,* these compound names are always suspicious distinctions. Your Fitzes, since the reign of the *gallant* Charles, announce their relative situation, without the help of the peerage."

"This is a slander which does not apply to the lady in question," said Sidney: "but you astonish me by your information

on this subject; did the colonel impart these particulars?"

"The colonel! thou novice, in that case my attack must have assumed another form; no, that necessary devil, Supple, who is really a useful creature, he gave me the sketch on which I have improved, that is, I visit Fitzhenry as though he were my primary object; he is not always amenable, but I hear he is immensely rich; so I do not boggle at trifles; he seems to have extensive plans in agitation, in all of which he evidently includes the heiress-elect; I am rather surprised she is not with him; can you account for it, Wentworth?"

"Not exactly," said Sidney, well pleased to find his lordship's views were founded on so fallacious a system; nor was the least pleasurable sensation, that which gave our *hero* the inexpressible delight of appeasing the anxiety of Fitzhenry.

Shaking off his loquacious companion, Wentworth

Wentworth returned to the hotel. As he entered the lobby, the colonel's servant met him.—"My master requests the honour of your company to breakfast," said the man; "he is very impatient to see you, sir."

Wentworth followed to the apartment of the colonel.

"My dear sir," said the languid soldier, "this is an unlooked-for pleasure, Mr. Wentworth; dare I impute this journey to my account?"

"Decidedly, sir," replied Sidney, pressing the hand of Fitzhenry; "letters in some cases are grateful mediums of communication; the present offered so strong an appeal to my feelings as a son, I could not resist the opportunity of answering your inquiry in person."

"I can have no doubt in the motive," replied Fitzhenry, "and am most sensible of its kindness. Do you bring me any hopes, or have I come home to end my days in unavailing regrets?"

"The happiest *denouement* awaits your hearing," said Sidney. "You *have* seen the fair object of your search, and I could vouch for the impression she made on you."

"Where? tell me where?" said the colonel, with lively emotion.

"At lady Tadcaster's, my dear sir; the lovely intelligent girl with whom you chiefly conversed, she is the dear fugitive you seek;" and blushing at the warmth of his colouring, our Englishman paused.

"My God!" said the colonel, "she said her name was Sidney; how is this? certainly my heart turned towards her; her features struck me as resembling a kinsman of mine, whose name was Sidney; can you account for her assuming the name, Mr. Wentworth?"

"I cannot say exactly, sir; I should imagine it was adopted to screen her real name from publicity."

"Poor Fitzhenry!" sighed the colonel; "could you have believed your orphan would

would seek her bread, while *I* had power to shield her from adversity? there must have been some error, some duplicity used, or it could not have happened."

"Let us turn from the past, my dear sir," said Sidney; "the consolation you must derive in the protection of such a woman, will compensate for all you have suffered."

"You think her amiable, Mr. Wentworth; I am gratified by your favourable opinion of my poor child; tell me what you know of her?"

"I am not equal to the task you have imposed upon me," resumed our hero; "no language could do justice to my idea of her feminine correctness: she has been exposed to the contumely of the rich, the gallantry of the bold; and while she supported her own dignity, never descended to the intemperance of recrimination; or suffered the insolence of flattery to affect her chastely delicate mind."

"This is a handsome eulogium, Mr.

Wentworth. You have observed my girl, dear helpless orphan; forgive me, my young friend, I know not what has occurred since I left England, which should have exposed this tender creature to dependence; I had ever the fullest reliance on sir Ormsby Wentworth; I knew his disappointment with regard to Miss Tracey; that impression must have worn off; indeed I saw him in Yorkshire, after Fitzhenry's departure with his wife. A letter I received two years since from Edward Durweston, explained some pecuniary difficulties occasioned by losses. I remedied those troubles immediately, but never received an acknowledgment of its receipt; since that I have written by every ship, avoiding the mention of my disbursement, lest I should pain the mind of Mrs. Manderson, the most excellent of women. I sent an express order to Amelia to take up money at my agent's; of this she has not availed herself, as I learn since my arrival. It instantly occurred to me she was under the

the protection of your father, and I wrote to him under that idea. The silence observed by sir Ormsby awakened the most poignant feelings; I thought she was dead, and your father feared to impart the fact; when in a conversation with lord Weybridge, a giddy young man now here, I learned you were the son of sir Ormsby, and instantly resolved on addressing you."

"Colonel Fitzhenry," said our hero, while a blush of filial regret stole over his features, "I must ask your sympathy in my present feelings; the dispositions of my much-loved father were never curbed by the *judicious* authority of his parents; *I* believe him to be scarcely conscious of the error which partially clouds his otherwise amiable character; he is vindictive; the word is too harsh, I blush to avow it; will you give credence to my assertion, that he is generous, humane, and tenderly alive to the sufferings of the intellectual? can you believe it, while you learn from me he re-

fused and discredited Mr. Durweston's statement of Miss Sidney's situation?"

"I must believe you," said the colonel, "though I grieve to do so. I cannot understand the sort of resentment pursued by sir Ormsby. We will drop this part of the subject," he added, as the evident uneasiness of Sidney caught his observation. "It is clear to me, Mr. Wentworth, what the father denied, the son has with manly liberality allowed. I must return to London, and claim my adopted daughter; to say the truth, I rejoice in the idea of claiming her from the hands of her ungentle protectress, whose manner did not escape my notice, when I was a stranger to that suffrage my Amelia might justly expect at my hands."

Wentworth explained our heroine's departure from Grosvenor-place; and as Fitzhenry's impatient questions pressed on the interested narrator, Sidney grew eloquent; he felt the present a happy moment

ment for explanation; and going back to Durweston's visit to Adderfield, gave a succinct detail of the commencement and progress of their acquaintance.

The colonel was deeply affected by the constant friendship of Durweston.—"I knew him as a boy," said he; "a generous high-spirited youth. My life has been one of active service, till the effect of the climate proscribed my exertions: it would not be edifying to you, Mr. Wentworth, were I to avow myself as the slave of a tyrannical woman, until very lately; the connexion did me no honour, while its disgraceful vassallage made me a comparative stranger to those who should earlier have owned the solace of my protection. It argues little in a man's favour, that his intentions are just, if his *actions* do not establish the boast; thus, though I have been active to do service to my orphan charge, since I *knew* she required my aid, my better feelings must have slumbered, or

memory should have told me Fitzhenry's orphan was by nature and situation my indisputable heir."

"I am mistaken," said Sidney, "if Miss Fitzhenry, as I must now call her, ever gives you reason to feel your recrimination just; she has borne adversity with that firmness which evinces she was not the ardent slave of expectation; as such, the happiness you have to bestow will meet her grateful disposition, as a good she will value discriminately, and of course, with a due regard to the donor."

"I am not less indebted to your friendly information, than gratified by your amiable zeal in the cause of my poor girl, Mr. Wentworth; she must know the extent of your generosity, and I will not doubt her acknowledgments being appropriate; women are not niggards in gratitude."

"She must do more for me," said Sidney, with honest warmth; "she must give me herself, if she answer my affection as

it deserves. I love her, colonel Fitzhenry; and if *she* is not my wife, none other shall bear my name."

"Excellent young man! noble, disinterested Wentworth! she cannot be insensible to a passion so pure; she must love you; she *shall* love you, by Heavens! I should despise her if she did not adore you."

"I value your approbation, my dear sir; your approval is essential to my happiness. But Miss Fitzhenry must not be influenced in this material point. Will you submit to a proposition I have suggested? Let me escort you to your fair kinswoman; and previous to your avowal of your name, learn my fate from the lips of my arbitress; I am sanguine with regard to her candour; a triumph of this nature is so congenial with my ideas of *real* affection, I cannot resist asking your concurrence to my plan."

"Could *I* object to so generous an offer, I must be a wilful sceptic in happi-

ness. I liked you on our first meeting, I will not say why; and though you possessed no other worth than that liberality which attached you to my *dependant* orphan, I would give her to you as the only man who deserved her; you love her from a principle of refinement; her personal graces, though above mediocrity, are equalled by thousands; she is poor in the eye of the world, yet you single her out as the object of your love; then, beyond a doubt, she possesses qualities which surpass beauty, and which, I trust, will make your happiness as perfect as you deserve. Say nothing of your triumph, my excellent young friend; the *unportioned* woman, who gains the affections of a man like yourself, she has cause of triumph; she may look down on *thousands* of her *bartered* sex, and in the modest *pride* of love, own the fullness of her bliss."

"If I have found favour in the good opinion of your Amelia," said Wentworth, "we stand on equal terms, heart for heart; my

my dear sir, this is the compact for which I have sighed; there can be no superiority in such an union."

"The world would tell another story; you are a lover, yet I honour your creed, and with a bachelor's regrets, look back on my own useless life: to prove I am not a methodical, tardy member of the squad, I would propose our instant departure; I am impatient to embrace my child."

To this Wentworth readily assented. The journey, from its cross direction, must occupy two, if not three days; convinced that sir Ormsby would feel this second decampment keenly, Sidney addressed him in a few lines, in which he avowed his having met colonel Fitzhenry, requesting his father's silence on the subject until he explained further. To Durweston he wrote with all the hilarity of friendship, prohibiting his removal from Park-street, and naming his return as probable in the course of a few days; to his little hostage the fondest remembrances were offered;

of

of Fitzhenry he made no mention, lest Durweston should outstrip his lover's project. This done, the travellers left Cheltenham. The shattered constitution of the colonel admitted not of that haste which the feelings of our Englishman prompted, yet he bore the delay with temper, seeking consolation for his protracted hopes in the family history of Fitzhenry. Though noble blood was not an honour our hero sought in a wife, he was not sorry to learn the orphan was well allied; it is true, *she* had not derived even *protection* from her kindred; no woman could have been more exposed to the dangers of the world; "perhaps she never sought them," thought Sidney; "what then? her principles have been tried; she has been true to herself. How many of the children of affluence depart from the path of honour! many in youth give promises of excellence, and in maturer age, when *marriage* sanctions a degree of liberty, abuse the partner of their love. Tush!" sighed Sidney; "*love!*

"*love!* what a perversion of the word! they know it not."

"The ladies Dalton are very lovely," said the colonel; "on what a fearful pinnacle they stand!"

"They are beautiful," said Wentworth. "Lady Maria will, I am persuaded, rise superior to the plans of her aunt: lady Charlotte must be a victim; she is vain and illiterate, a creature to be purchased by any titled blockhead."

"I fear so, indeed: general Dalton is the best of men, I value him as a brother: he has been a most unfortunate man; in early life he became attached to his cousin, lady Mary Dalton; the passion was reciprocal. Dalton was the son of a younger brother of the family, portionless, if a man could be called so, who possessed every virtue that can adorn a man: his attachment was discovered; to check its advancement, he was, by the earl his uncle, sent to India, where, as a soldier, he became eminently conspicuous. In the interim,

lady

lady Mary was given, or rather forced into a marriage with a Scotch nobleman. Dalton heard the intelligence with firmness, yet in secret he was the victim of despair: from those who knew her ladyship, I learn she was the most wretched, yet discreet of women. After four years of misery, she was left a widow; at a consistent period she offered my friend her hand; she left him free to choose, but concealed not he had ever been the master of her heart. Dalton hastened home, on a furlough of two years; they were married; and I have heard him call this term his all of life. When compelled to resume his situation as a soldier, lady Mary was near her second confinement; she would have accompanied him but for the entreaties of the earl, who, never friendly to the match, and then far advanced in life, would not assent to it. They parted. Dalton had not resumed his post above two months, when the news of her death in child-birth reached India: though as brave a soldier

as

as ever grasped a gun, his sensibility was of the keenest nature; for some weeks he was lost to the voice of friendship; I believe I may with truth aver, much of the tranquillity he has since attained might be attributed to his friendship for myself. England was the tomb of his hopes; renewing his term in the service, he has never had courage to return; his daughters were committed to the care of his sister. I hope he is now on his voyage home; he pledged himself to follow me; indeed, his precarious health, and the prospects of his children, demand his presence: great will be his disappointment in his daughters, at least the elder will have small claim to his affections, unless she is improvable; lady Tadcaster seems little qualified for a charge so sacred."

"Wholly unfit for it," said Sidney; "a weak woman, not devoid of cunning, or, I suppose, I should call it *management*, devoted to dissipation; and if not much belied,

belied, a gamester. Can any thing be more dreadful than the situation of those poor girls?"

"Melancholy, indeed, Mr. Wentworth; they appear to me trained for exhibition, quite artificial characters."

"They are not singular in this, my dear sir; it is the *present* system of *education;* they dance as *figurantes,* with attitudes which dishonour them, as women who *call* themselves correct; even married women of the *highest* rank, *mothers,* exhibit in quadrille dances, habited in a particular *costume;* nay, they will *change* their dresses in the course of an evening, and with the humility of *hired* entertainers, drop their curtseys to the spectator, *before* and *after* their performance, as if an English ——, to whom the *morals* of his people are a national good, as if he could be gratified by the *fantastic* degradation of his *highest* class of subjects."

"We shall have female Troubadours ere long,"

long," said the colonel. "Oh, how much of their native simplicity have my countrywomen yielded to servile imitation!"

"Not yet, my dear sir," said Sidney; "at *present* we do not aspire at *intellectual* exertions; a spontaneous poet (if we except those quaint attempts at wit so often displayed in our diurnal prints) would be a miracle in these times. A Troubadour of genius might excite a better taste, perhaps; or, if he were happy at satire, shame them into better things. But now we are content with quadruped *imitations;* not satisfied with their occupying the stage, a man is *hired,* whose *extraordinary* talents are exercised in yelling, howling, braying, &c. &c. for the *amusement* of our grown up gentry."

"What fancies! how egregiously ridiculous! My God! Mr. Wentworth, how is it that so many persons succumb to follies so glaring? does Fashion *swear* her votaries into office? is there no method of avoiding its sphere?"

"The

"The security must be in our firmness; nor is it an easy matter in *some* cases to avoid the enchanted spell; I call it enchanted, because woman graces the circle. In dissenting from *general* dissipation, a man loses their favour; he must make up his mind to bear their rāillery, and maintain his opinions by a species of *chastened* reproof. I entered into society, determined never to smile applause, where it would be honest to express displeasure: where the parties are uninteresting, *silence* saves altercation; but when a woman, of whom better might be expected, when she claims my *pity* in a point of *affected* distress; when she requires me to support her in her silly taste for extravagance, or begs me to consider her an *invalid*, while rouge stains her cheek; to such women I invariably speak *truths;* and though their temporary anger may cause me to smile, I am not dismayed; nor did I ever *entirely* lose the acquaintance of the women with whom I had been thus sincere; I despise the man who

who upholds them in their follies. My remark lays the source of dissipation at the door of women; it is not a scandal; their power over our sex, collectively, is such, they mould us to their purpose; yet their foibles would be transient, did not the flattery of man benumb their better feelings."

"Your ideas are just," said Fitzhenry, "they are honourable to you as a man; few men of your age are such true agents of their own happiness; I am persuaded if such sentiments were general, the happiness of society would be greatly improved. Human inventions demand our approval, as they exhibit ingenuity, or increase the comforts of the mechanic labourer; but I confess myself less than gratified by the devices which are employed for the entertainment of a fashionable party. Is dancing improved by the addition of a chalked floor? is the voice of a woman of rank more captivating to an *English* ear, when she admits a *professional* foreigner to assist her

her *exhibition* with all the freedom of an equal? we can *see* these prominent scenes by paying for them; I own I am disappointed when they obtrude such *outré* associations on my notice."

"We are theatrical in our domestic dwellings," said Sidney, "almost pantomimical; but while we can bear the emblazoned paragraphs which describe our follies, there is no hope of our rising superior to the ridiculous."

"I believe not, indeed; the absurd descriptions of all our actions, from the whim which seeks notoriety, to the simple dinner party, all is brought before the public eye, as if eating and drinking gave a man consequence in the eye of the world—it is absurd in the extreme."

"You are not an epicure, my dear sir; you have no notion of the celebrity with which a dinner may be given; how many *days* it will take to prepare it; how many *artists* must be employed to make it unique. A monopoly in the fruit markets and ice shops

shops is the usual consequence of a *superior* entertainment; while to counteract the effects of gross indulgence, barley beverage, strong bitters, &c. &c. are introduced, as if men could not meet as social beings without falling into gluttony."

"The servants, Mr. Wentworth, how are these unfortunate beings spoiled by the luxury of their superiors!"

"Not always, my dear sir; if a *lady* presides in the mansion, the *pantry* is usually a sort of *boudoir* to the dining-parlour; like the fox in the fable, they may look and look again; such vulgar animals are not supposed to have a taste for the good things of a fashionable establishment."

"The *petty* grandeur of such a system is contemptible," replied Fitzhenry; "allowing it is injudicious to pamper the appetites of our domestics, there is a liberality indispensible with those who possess the gifts of fortune; plenty and comfort is the right of our servants; nor will I believe a master ever suffers imposition from

from those whom he supports with discretion."

"As a bachelor housekeeper, I speak from experience," resumed our Englishman; "I believe there are exceptions to your conclusion; peculations will creep into the arrangement of a single man; I feel they do; but when fate gives me the bliss of a woman's direction in my household, she will, (for I could not love the woman who would not) she shall provide against a possibility of the kind. Example is every thing in this respect; if my fortune does not admit of profusion, it is more than equal to happiness on a sober plan; and while I give moderate indulgence to my dependants, I would, in my own person, convince them prodigality was neither my principle nor my wish."

"My girl will be happy," said Fitzhenry, with animation; "I know she is rational, and must prize a mind so well disposed."

"You are leading me far, my dear sir; remember

remember I have not yet offered my vows to your Amelia."

"She cannot but love you, Wentworth; you are a prude; poh! I will not believe the girl is so blind."

Wentworth smiled at the gracious warmth of his companion; and, perhaps from the satisfaction he felt in his sentiments, forbore to contend. As the sort of conversation we have described is not exactly suited to the taste of a novel-reader, we will not pursue the prosing elucidation, but simply state, it was towards the evening of the third day of their journey our travellers reached an inn about two miles from Westbourne. The colonel, whose fatigue was evident, proposed resting a few hours; his mind was agitated by the expected eclaircissement; and Sidney, who beheld his anxiety with real interest, admitted the propriety of his suggestion; yet his feelings prompted a visit to his goddess; nay, to him there appeared an incalculable advantage in *his* immediate visit to Amelia;

he could return to the colonel and impart his success; and as *hope* filled his bosom, he did not doubt his communication imparting real satisfaction to Fitzhenry. While these thoughts were passing in the mind of Sidney, the colonel regarded him with attention.

"A lover is an impolite animal," said Fitzhenry; "I see your heart, Wentworth; you are not a hypocrite. Go, seek my child, and make your mind easy. Spare me; by no means announce my arrival; I will await your return; allow for my impatience, but bring me joy in the assurance of your happiness; it must be so, I cannot doubt it."

"A thousand thanks for this permission," replied Wentworth; "your penetration is not to be resisted; I will return soon as possible, begging you to count time by my feelings rather than your own."

"I must submit; but had we not better see the landlord, and learn your exact destination?"

Wentworth

Wentworth summoned their host, and inquired the residence of Mrs. Manderson: the landlord paused.

"I suppose you mean the old lady who is just settled at Filbert Wood Cottage; she belongs to the Catholic gentleman that lives in Westbourne wing."

"I imagine so," said Wentworth; "is it far from this?"

"About two miles, sir, by the road; only a mile and a half through the wood."

"I shall reside here," resumed Sidney; "you will prepare apartments."

"Certainly, sir," bowed mine host; "you will not find better beds than at the Arlingham Arms."

"That's right; do you expect the family here?"

"They are here, sir, and I hope will remain some time; they say the castle will be full of visitors all the autumn."

"I am surprised to find the earl is here already," said Sidney; and snatching his hat, he waved his hand to Fitzhenry, and

departed towards the residence of his mistress.

The heart of our Englishman owned a sensible pulsation, as the white chimnies of Filbert Wood Cottage met his inquiring eye; he hoped he should be spared the ceremonial of sending in his name, his rural ideas suggesting the cottage to be easy of access. Even as he wished, so it was; the door stood open; and as he was seeking a method of announcing his arrival, old Bevans crossed the hall.

"God bless me, sir," said the old man, "no bad news of master Charles! my mistress had good accounts of him a day or two ago."

"He is almost well," said Sidney; "be under no apprehension. I wish to see Mrs. Manderson; show me to her—never mind my name;" and following close on the heels of his conductor, he entered a small neat summer room, in which the venerable protectress of his beloved sat reading in a volume, whose contents could not be mistaken.

taken. "Will you allow me the honour of a few minutes conversation with Miss Fitzhenry?" asked Wentworth.

Mrs. Manderson surveyed her visitor with a look of mild penetration; he was handsome and elegant in appearance; and though his manner might have justified the belief that his principles were good, her child had been exposed to the insolence of men of rank; the castle was full of company; add to which, the name of Fitzhenry she had imagined to be unknown to all but herself and Durweston. Closing her book, and folding her hands on the sacred volume, as though to *sanction* the tenor of her reply, she fixed her eyes on Sidney.—"You inquire for my ward by a name so little known in this country, you must pardon me, sir, if I require who it is I have the honour of addressing?"

Our hero gave his name.

"I am proud of the opportunity of being known to Mr. Wentworth," said the elegant matron. "I am deeply indebted

to your humanity, sir; Mr. Durweston has apprized me of the obligations you have heaped on us; I am most happy to assure you, personally, how gratefully I feel your kindness."

"I wish Mr. Durweston had allowed me the pleasure of his acquaintance earlier," said Sidney; "obligation is out of question. I stand in the character of a suppliant to Mrs. Manderson; you will permit me to see Miss Fitzhenry?"

"The knowledge of my young friend's name can be in nowise detrimental, when I reflect on the dispositions of Mr. Wentworth. A delicacy (perhaps a false one) led me to use my influence with my ward to drop her surname, when she entered the world as a dependant; her only relative, whose arrival from India we have long expected, is a man of high mind, one who I am persuaded would regret his name should have been subject to the contumely which usually clings to fallen fortunes; but when I consider *your* connexions, Mr. Wentworth,

Wentworth, the (forgive me) unpardonable obduracy of sir Ormsby, I cannot believe you are here by his permission, and I am consequently compelled to refuse your request."

"I see the correctness of your intentions, madam, and can even find excuse for your warmth; they are equally the attributes of a just mind. My father has been truly unhappy since the period which brought Durweston to Adderfield; though my present visit is not sanctioned by his knowledge, I am persuaded you will accede to my most anxious wish, when I assure you it is my intention to return to London almost immediately, and this purely for the purpose of committing the dearest secret of my heart to my father. Need I be more explicit?"

"I could believe all that your words impart," said Mrs. Manderson, "for I know you to be liberal, and superior to interested motives; but sir Ormsby, my dear sir; consider well; I cannot consent to expose my

charge to the misery of drawing down the wrath of a father, upon a son like Mr. Wentworth."

"Is Miss Fitzhenry implacable? does she consider the unguarded manner of my father with detestation? I must think she does, and you deny my suit, in order to spare my feelings."

"She never heard the name of your father; my Amelia, though gentle as woman can be, is tenderly alive to unmerited degradation. It was many years ere the friendship of sir Ormsby was claimed for my orphan charge; his *first* reply was not favourable, and I resolved from that moment to withhold from her a name on which I could not reflect but with sincere regret. I have certainly rejoiced in my caution since the dear girl quitted my protection; her wounded feelings would have added to the humility of her situation; and though prejudice is not her foible, I doubt if she had in that case done justice to *your* amiable condescension."

"Then

"Then she has named me?" said our Englishman; "tell me, my dear madam, what did she say? may I hope?"

"I am a babbling old woman," resumed Mrs. Manderson; "at least my zeal has heightened a very simple trait, perhaps in a degree injurious to your feelings, Mr. Wentworth. Understand me; I sought of my child the characters of those with whom she had occasionally mixed, when she, with that grateful warmth which true liberality inspires, declared that a Mr. Wentworth was the only individual who had behaved with uniform politeness: this is the whole. Convinced in my own mind you were the son of sir Ormsby, I repressed my curiosity, nor have I since heard your name mentioned."

The spirits of Wentworth received a check at this moment, yet the conduct of Mrs. Manderson was strictly proper. After a pause, he repeated his request with so much earnestness, that the softened guardian seemed disposed to yield.

"Hear me, madam," said Sidney; "I love your ward, and will marry no other woman; you are not talking with a boy; I am resolved no bias must be thrown in the way of my affections; I ask for myself, and when I gain her favour, my father shall know my determination. You mistake him if he will not readily assent to an union which not only makes the happiness of his son, but gives him an opportunity of doing justice where he has so unfortunately erred. I must see Miss Fitzhenry; you will not deny me now?"

"I believe I have no right to restrict you after such an avowal; yet remember, Mr. Wentworth, Miss Fitzhenry must not make any final engagement until her relation arrives in England."

"I will vouch for *his* consent," said Sidney. "Now, madam, where is your ward?"

"She left the cottage an hour since, to visit the count de V——; I expect her return every minute."

"Allow me to leave you for a short time,"

time," said our hero; "I should like to meet Miss Fitzhenry."

"Take the western path," said Mrs. Manderson; "the count resides in the west wing; you will by that means avoid the family at the castle."

"Thank you, thank you," said Sidney; and darting down the path, he gave way to the most delightful anticipations. "I hate cold caution," sighed he; "but the excellent Mrs. Manderson, how just are her principles, how worthy of a trust so sacred! and Amelia, she, perhaps, would, have taken pleasure in speaking of me, had she not been prevented by the prudence of her friend."

From this agreeable reverie our hero was aroused by the mention of his name; it was not the voice of woman, but the distinct and impressive tones of lord Arlingham.

"Mr. Sidney Wentworth," said my lord, seizing the hand of our hero, "this is as it should be. I am most excessively glad

to see you;" and taking the reluctant, yet unresisting arm of Wentworth, he moved towards the castle.

Vexatious as was this arrest, it was impossible to run from its authority; he could give no reason for his lurking in the environs of the castle, at least, his real intention could not be avowed to the earl: besides, he was yet an unacknowledged lover, and the most trivial reference to Amelia, in the presence of her proud insulter, was incompatible with his ideas of delicacy: believing that to assent to his companion's mistake was the readiest mode of emancipation, he suffered himself to be led to the castle. Wentworth cast a glance towards the gathering shadows of evening, and the thought of Amelia's return at such an hour gave him pain.

As they reached the grand saloon, the voices of a large company met the ear of Wentworth.—"Excuse me to-night, my lord; I am a traveller, booted you see; I cannot see the ladies this evening."

"No

"No apology, my dear sir; I am charmed by the alacrity of your visit; you thought the ladies would ramble; aye, I see how it is; stratagem in love is delightful."

"My lord," said Wentworth, "there is some error. I am not exactly conscious of your allusion."

But my lord heard him not; his whole soul was in the compact; he relied on the parental authority of sir Ormsby, fully resolved in his own mind to compel his daughter to acquiescing in his plan.

Sidney found himself in a large party; lady Marbury received him with real satisfaction; lady Anna affected a reserve which our hero was at no loss to understand; copying her manner, he was distantly polite. It was now the earl believed he saw the disappointment of his hopes; he beheld Wentworth in conversation with some of his visitors to whom our hero was known; all the pride of the Arlinghams was roused in his *little* breast; he sat moody, but

but keenly observant of the passing scene. As lights were introduced, the earl arose, and with a voice dissonant to harmony, ordered lady Anna to try her harp; her ladyship complied; and as Sidney, at the conclusion of the air, paid a trifling compliment to her skill, he passed on to my lord, and in a suppressed tone, asked when he could have the honour of a short conference?

"Now, immediately," said the earl; and seizing a light, he preceded our hero to a parlour contiguous.

"I am all attention, Mr. Wentworth," said my lord, bowing haughtily. "Pardon me," he added, eagerly; "I believe I have mistaken your character, sir."

"I will hope not, my lord, though your *manner* would imply that you do not exactly understand my disposition;" and he looked calmly on the contemptuous peer.

"I perceive you are an engaged man, Mr. Wentworth;

Wentworth; it must be so, or you could not be so indifferent to your own advancement."

"I am perfectly free at this moment, my lord," said Wentworth, proudly; "I seek no advancement in the particular to which you allude; nor are my ideas on the subject the least applicable to your's, if advancement in marriage means only the *nobility* of the alliance."

"What extraordinary notions! let me tell you, Mr. Wentworth, there are few young men in your situation who would be insensible to the honour of a connexion with my family; your excellent father will participate in my sentiments. You are at liberty to depart, sir; I will not detain you."

"My father has wholly mistaken my disposition, if he for a moment entertained an idea of directing my choice in a matter of such moment. I regret your lordship should feel it necessary to assume the tone

and

The suppliant retired towards the door. Collecting herself, she added—"I regret my ignorance in this dilemma, my lord; it never occurred to me that the humanity of an *English nobleman* was subject to national restrictions."

"Allow me, madam, to ask your name," said the earl; "I do not quite understand your reproof."

"I wonder you do not, my lord," said Sidney, "it is perfectly intelligible;" and advancing to our heroine, he took her hand respectfully, while Amelia scarcely believed the evidence of her senses. "This, my lord, is the Miss Sidney whom you may remember to have heard sir Charles Felton name. I perceive you recollect the lady. You will hear more of us anon," he added, with an air of ambiguity; and returning through the garden door, they left the astonished peer to his reflections. "Lead me to the count," said Sidney, as he drew the arm of Amelia through his own.

Like many of those moments to which we

we look with hope, the present did not realize expectation. Though love hovered in the breath of our hero, *humanity* threw in a claim which checked its utterance. Amelia, silent and oppressed by contending emotions, led Wentworth to the presence of the count.

The noble foreigner, reclining on a couch of coarse structure, beheld the return of Amelia with tender surprise.—"Why are you here, my child?" said de V——; "our friend will be alarmed. Go, my love, I shall do well."

Wentworth took a seat by the languid count.—"Miss Fitzhenry has permitted me to offer my services to you, sir; will you say what I can do for your comfort?"

"Who is this, my child?" said de V——; "it is a voice which the unhappy must hail with pleasure."

"It is Mr. Wentworth," replied our heroine, in a faltering tone.

"You have the strongest claims to my gratitude," said the invalid. "Noble young

young man, God will reward you—I cannot."

"Your friend is too anxious," said Wentworth, addressing Amelia; "he is evidently weak, and unequal to conversation. Shall I go to the cottage, and send old Bevans here? it would be advisable, in my idea."

"It is my wish," replied Amelia, while her astonishment at the knowledge our hero possessed, as applying to her connexions, gave a cast of thought to her countenance which did not escape the penetration of Sidney; nor was the least of her surprise his addressing her by name.

Scarcely was this arrangement made, when footsteps were heard advancing; and in a minute old Bevans appeared.—"Dear heart, Miss Amelia, my mistress is quite alarmed at your stay. Mercy on me, sir," turning to Wentworth, "we thought you had lost your way in the wood."

While Wentworth was replying to the old man, our heroine addressed the count; reaching

reaching a volume from a shelf, she placed a table by his side, and by a thousand nameless attentions, rivetted the heart of our observing Englishman. The alarm which had seized on her spirits, and induced her appeal to lord Arlingham, was occasioned by the swooning of de V——; and as the effect was produced by the narration he had sought from her lips, she was doubly interested in the anguish it occasioned, though the relief she claimed was denied by the implacable Arlingham. The welcome and spontaneous services of our hero fully compensated for his unmanly defection; and as Amelia bade adieu to the count, and protected by our Englishman, turned towards Filbert Wood path, the strangeness of her situation repressed that gratitude the many kindnesses of Wentworth had so indelibly fixed in her memory. Sidney understood her embarrassment.

"Miss Fitzhenry," said he, "when I tell you Mrs. Manderson is acquainted with my sentiments,

sentiments, you will allow me the honour of your attention to a subject the nearest my heart."

Wentworth needed no reply; the trembling arm he supported spoke more than language could express.

"I will not offend you by flattery; I think you superior as a woman. Your principles suit my ideas; your *mind is* independant, or I should never have had the happiness I now own. Had the views which actuate your sex generally been your's, my friend Felton would have borne away the prize; your candour towards him was highly honourable; will you be equally generous to one whose heart is as sincerely devoted to you? Tell me, could you love a man who has never addressed you in the voice of adulation, one who acknowledges he has been a strict observer of your conduct, even to the destruction of his peace, if your disposition shrinks from his uncouth love?"

"Indeed, Mr. Wentworth, I have always considered

considered your liberality as it deserved," said the agitated Amelia; "and have ever spoken of you as the most honourable of men."

"This might suit Felton," said our hero; when assuming that tone on which his *theoretic* fancy had so often dwelt, he continued, "I do not hesitate to tell you I love you; that you have engaged my thoughts ever since we first met. Why should you deny me a satisfaction so unexceptionable? You may confide in me; you cannot doubt my honour, though you destroy my hopes."

"I am afraid you know your power too well, Mr. Wentworth," said our heroine; "do not despise me for an ambition so unwarranted; I ought to blush at owning so much."

"What guard does innocence require?" said Sidney; "let the hypocrite disguise her feelings. You must not blush, my Amelia," added the enraptured lover; "tell me, my sweet girl, have you thought of me since I saw you? good Heavens! why do

you

you tremble? recollect by whom you are solicited to be ingenuous; the man whose life can only be happy as you bless it; who, with honest simplicity, avows you cling to his heart with an influence no other woman ever yet attained. May I after this ask your confidence?"

"You are forgetting the bar which fortune has placed between us," said the reflective orphan; "I ought not to listen to you."

"You shall listen," said Sidney. "Talk not of fortune, I need it not. Answer me sincerely, do you love me? in *singleness* of heart, love me, my *entirely* devoted Amelia?"

"I dare not deny your explicit appeal has the strongest claim to my candour," said the shrinking Amelia. "Spare me, I beseech you; I could not live under the humiliation which my further avowal must produce."

"*Humiliation!*" said Sidney; "what an odious word! it suits not the temper of my

my love. See, the cottage is in view, and our mutual friend is the victim of suspense. Now then, Amelia, I must have your confession. You love?"

"Yes, yes—you are cruelly persevering, Mr. Wentworth."

"Since when, Amelia?"

"Oh, my God!" said the subdued girl; "in pity desist; I cannot, I will not say more."

"When I give you cause to repent this gracious condescension," said the delighted Wentworth, "abridge my happiness, by reminding me I deserve reproof."

An unconscious sigh escaped the bosom of Amelia. Wentworth besought her to explain its source.

"Mr. Wentworth," said she, "though you have hitherto beheld me an unprotected orphan, I have an immediate expectation of adoption, from a relation whose authority I can have no right to dispute. If ——" and she paused.

"Well, suppose colonel Fitzhenry should

frown upon our attachment, will you give me up?"

"I could not do that," said Amelia; and hemming down the unlimited confession, she added—"I will never act contrary to his injunctions, nor yet recede from a voluntary engagement."

"Then you are mine for ever," said Wentworth, "in purity and in faith."

"For ever!" said Amelia, as she fled from the rapturous gratitude of our hero, and led the way to the apartment of Mrs. Manderson.

"Ah, my love," said the anxious matron, "you have given me real alarm, by an absence so unusually long."

Amelia explained the transient indisposition of the count.—"I am persuaded it is almost a criminal indulgence to suffer him to live such a recluse; his days will be abridged by the sensibility of his feelings."

"I rely upon the persuasions of Edward, who, when once settled here, will use his

his influence with our friend," replied Mrs. Manderson: then turning her benign countenance towards Sidney, the silent eloquence of her eyes seemed to ask the success of his generous project.

"My dear madam," said our hero, taking the hand of Mrs. Manderson, "your lovely pupil does honour to her tender guardian; she is above prudery, and allows me the happiness of assuring you our hearts were formed to meet; she accepts my vows, madam: henceforth let me consider you as a second mother; the respect and consideration I bear you would not dishonour the sacred title of son."

"Willingly, my amiable friend," resumed the flattered matron. "There was a period, Mr. Wentworth, in which *your* grandmother was my warmest patroness; and though it certainly was diminished by occurrences perfectly distinct from my interference, (if I except the path which duty pointed), though I suffered a diminution in her kindness, I was always ready to admit, that as a parent,

there were many excuses to be made for her, Sir Ormsby never understood my principles; I regret *time* has not done away the nature of my offence; you must remove the uncongenial barrier; for *now*, Mr. Wentworth, even sir Ormsby would find some difficulty in keeping up that austerity which secluded me from my child, my Amelia, the comfort of my age."

"While you bring into the social compact a forgiveness so consistent with woman, fear not, my dear madam, but my father will gladly embrace the opportunity of doing justice to your pure intentions. You are surprised, Miss Fitzhenry, at the information we mutually betray; the tale must come from me; and I have the fondest reliance in your gentleness, and, indeed, in your forbearance."

"Forbearance!" said Amelia; "I cannot comprehend how that term applies to your intended communication."

"How should you?" said Sidney, respectfully taking the hand of our heroine.

"You

"You never felt resentment; can you overlook its ungracious ebullitions, in one I am anxious you should love?"

"I know not to whom you refer," replied Amelia. "I have certainly experienced the contumely of a few persons, and actual insolence from one individual, who might excite contempt, but no more. Do you allude to my relation? I think not; his protracted stay has undoubtedly damped my hopes and deferred my happiness: not for myself do I speak, but for those to whom I have so long been a burthen."

"Amelia, how is this?" interrupted Mrs. Manderson.

"You must forgive me," continued our heroine; "a woman of my age must be lost to the only admissible pride, (the conviction of her youth giving her the means of independence) if she voluntarily becomes dependant on those she is bound to assist. Your tenderness, my more than mother,

was long proof against my solicitations; yet my decision was suited to my fortunes; and when I learned that the only person from whom I dared expect countenance, when he rejected me, I rejoiced in my humble efforts, convinced there was more happiness for my disposition in the least eligible asylum, than if I had been received into the *compulsatory* protection of the first man in the kingdom."

"I enter into the nature of your feelings," said Sidney, "I applaud them; but you have wholly unfitted me for the task I had imposed upon myself. Mrs. Manderson will give you the history of past times; the *future*, my dear ingenuous Amelia, I will be the guardian of your future days, the happiest and most honoured of men."

Amelia smiled half credulously.

"I will defend my assertion to-morrow," added Wentworth; "I must leave you; the companion of my journey waits my return with some anxiety; he is in poor health:

health: if it were not an intrusion, I should have much pleasure in escorting my friend to the cottage in the morning."

"Will ye take breakfast with us, Mr. Wentworth?" said Mrs. Manderson; "only remember we are cottagers, and scarcely settled in our dwelling."

"With gratitude I accept your invitation," said Sidney: "once more, adieu! I trust to your leniency, to your love," he added, in a low voice; and raising the hand of Amelia to his lips, he uttered a short benediction for her safety, and retired.

Though the road through which our Englishman had to pass was entangled and intricate as the most artfully planned maze, such was the happy temper of his mind, he leaped the fertile enclosures which occasionally impeded his path, till on bounding over the hedge contiguous to the inn, he came in contact with a groom, who was conducting the leaders of a newly-arrived carriage to the stables.

"What, more visitors?" asked Wentworth.

"Yes, sir," said the man, "lord Osterly has just alighted."

"Humph!" thought Sidney; "I wish he had taken some other road;" and crossing the lobby, he hastened up stairs towards the apartment in which he had left the colonel. "Have I exhausted your patience, my dear sir?"

"Almost," said the colonel; "I was very near sending after you, believing you had mistaken the road. Well, what success? be succinct; I am all nerve until you begin."

"I must digress a little, my dear sir," said Sidney. "Allow me to tell you I am the happiest of men; your child receives my addresses; nay, more, a stranger to the 'little art of giving pain,' she has, with beautiful sincerity, given me her vows. My dear colonel Fitzhenry, this is a triumph for which I have sighed; I knew it was possible and consistent with the delicacy of

of woman, to answer a lover with sincerity; I have proved my theory practicable, though I own I have not *yet* brought the whole of my system to bear. *My* Amelia is a convert to my long-indulged idea of *decided* replication, in a matter so momentous; she must go further, and give me the delight of hearing *how* my *evident* partiality won on her gentle character; and if she give *dates* to my progress in her affections, I will disclaim the title so often applied to me. I am no longer a visionist, a romantic castle-building enthusiast, but an honest *Englishman*, who, when he propounds a simple truth to the woman he truly loves, expects and *deserves* her genuine confidence."

"I believe your system offers the best foundation for *lasting* love," said Fitzhenry, "though I grant it is somewhat out of the common mode of adjustment in these cases. But tell me, Wentworth, how your wishes were effected? be minute; I am deeply interested in all that relates to my poor girl."

Sidney complied; and though *eloquence* is not an attribute of love, he proved that in *description* it was an elegant embellisher. The colonel listened, with all the lively emotion of a parent.

"Her mind must be good; poor child! insolent Arlingham! generous Wentworth!"

These apostrophes were elicited as Sidney pourtrayed his eventful visit, and as he closed his recital—

"You have won her, my excellent young friend; she is your's; I give her to you, not a portionless, dependant woman, but with a fortune adequate to your generous disinterested passion."

"If it were not an offence to your liberality, my dear sir," said Sidney, "I own my lover's pride would be more gratified by taking to my arms the creature of my love, rather than my ambition. I do not live for the world, yet I am not indifferent to its opinion. I *trust* my assiduities towards your child are understood by many of our mutual acquaintance. Believe me when

when I add, my personal knowledge of colonel Fitzhenry has not influenced my decision; it has undoubtedly hastened my plans, by bringing me nearer the object of my regards. Let me have the triumph of convincing the little world of fashion how I value *them;* give my beloved Amelia an opportunity of shining, without the adventitious aid of money."

"You are a vain fellow," said the colonel; "I can imagine how you stand with the sex; nay, your *escapes* are known to me; I have put my own construction on the information I received, or your good name would have sunk in my estimation: yet I cannot consent to your request; I must have *my* triumph; Amelia must appear in the world as my kinswoman; her *name* must be known and recognised by those to whom she has been misrepresented: after that, I care not how soon she becomes your wife."

However the methodical plan of Fitzhenry might militate against the lover's

schedule of happiness, a very little reflection convinced our Englishman of its propriety; there would be a proud consolation for his distanced bliss in attending the mistress of his heart; he should behold *her* whom the illiberal had wounded, receiving homage even from her calumniators; and though his faith was firmly in favour of the stability of her character, the little ordeal through which she would pass must necessarily impress her well-regulated mind with just ideas of fashionable life; and as the country would henceforward be the sphere of their actions, she would quit the ephemeral friendships of the motley crowd, if not with pleasure, without regret.

In order to meet the *denouement* of the morning with firmness, the colonel retired at an early hour. Our hero, on whom the promises of love had effected the happiest tone of spirits, was not disposed to seek sleep; summoning the landlord, he commenced that sort of catechism usual with

curious travellers and talkative hosts.—"This is a house of considerable business," said our hero.

"I wish I could say so, sir; it is pretty bobbish at times, as I may say; but I don't know when we were so full as to-night. If my lord was to come down as he used to do, a man might make a good living here, for there is good shooting in the neighbourhood."

"You mean lord Arlingham, I suppose. Is it long since he was at Westbourne?"

"Many years, sir; you see he has a dislike to the place, though there is not a prettier spot in England. You must know, sir, I believe it is above a hundred years ago that one of the lady Arlinghams married a Catholic and a foreigner, and she was persuaded to turn from her religion by the advice of her husband; well, I suppose the family were harsh with her, and made her spiteful; she owned all this village, besides the castle; and what does she do at her death, but orders her heirs for ever to give the

the west wing of Westbourne to some noble Catholic to live in. I don't know what the late earl might think of the matter, but I believe he was generous to whoever lived in the west wing; but my lord is proud, and he can't bear foreigners; he quite forsook his own sister, only because she married sir James Felton, and he was an Irishman, which is much the same as an Englishman, to my thinking."

"You are perfectly right; there should be no distinction between people who are the subjects of one monarch, more especially a people who fight with us, and are so every way worthy."

"I am much of your mind, sir; and, indeed, I have every reason to speak well of the Catholics that have lived at the castle. The villagers used to be curious at one time, and would go and peep at Mr. Desmond when he was at his prayers; but they soon grew ashamed of themselves—he was so good to the poor, why your honour would scarce believe it; he taught a number of

of the girls how to plat straw, and found them all the materials; he was an excellent man, and so humble, though I hear he was a nobleman in his own country, the villagers soon left off calling him a Catholic, and making signs as he passed; indeed, sir, I hope I helped to make them behave better; for says I, you laugh at him because he don't pray as we do; but I should like to know if *your* religion allows you to be insolent? I thought we were not to 'be wise in our own conceits,' nor to 'judge any body.' Well, sir, after this they received favours from Mr. Desmond; and the case was so much altered, that when he was ill, not a woman in the place but waited on him; and when he died, every body grieved. I only hope the new comer may strive to make himself as happy as Mr. Desmond did; he shall never want any thing my house affords."

"I am much pleased with your character," said Sidney; "I take pride in beholding an Englishman in your rank of life

life so sensibly and religiously disposed towards his fellow-creatures. Are your circumstances good? can I serve you?"

"No, your honour," said mine host, "that is, I make shift to pay my way, though I have had a loss lately, to be sure; two of my best horses died about a month ago; but there seems to be good luck among us just now. I hope my lord will stop at the castle, for then all will go smooth again: but if your honour should want a smart boy to look after your stud, I think I may venture to recommend a lad of my own, an honest boy, who wants a master."

"I will take him," said our hero; "I am in actual want of such a person; let me see him in the morning."

"He is out now, sir, gone with a note to the castle for the young lord who arrived about an hour ago."

"The morning will do," resumed Sidney. "Pray are your new guests going to remain?"

"I rather

"I rather think so, sir; at least, a gentleman who came with the young gentleman has been asking a mort of questions about the neighbourhood; he seems to know every body; he is a monstrous sociable gentleman; I hope they will stay."

"If it is beneficial to you, I hope so too," replied Wentworth, as mine host bowed hastily, in compliance with the sound of a bell.

The multifarious projects which actuated the migrations of lord Osterly were never in themselves sufficiently important to excite curiosity, yet our Englishman could not divest himself of the idea that his present whim bore no reference to Amelia; secure in her affection, distrust could not enter his mind; it was that *mysterious publicity* with which a libertine ever decks his actions that gave pain to Sidney.

"The garble of a licentious tongue, however futile its import, is injurious to the purity of woman; my affianced love, the acknowledged sovereign of my heart, must

must not be subject to such a profanation. Amelia, I will be your shadow; an unhallowed thought shall not approach you;" and in the enthusiasm of his feelings, our hero arose, and walking towards the opened window, stood gazing on the star-enamelled radiance of the heavens, when his attention was called to this nether sphere.

"Star-gazing, by the immortal gods!" said lord Osterly from the court-yard. "Will you admit a terrestrial wanderer to a short conference, Wentworth?"

"It must be short, my lord; I am fatigued, and mean to retire."

The peer embraced the permission with eagerness.—"I am in a devil of a scrape," said my lord; "Wentworth, you must help me out. No sour looks; prompt assistance is what I require: I have submitted a *carte blanche* in a moment of forgetfulness, where I am now willing to make the *amende honorable*—will you help me out?"

"Not I, my lord; you have mistaken your

your man. I *hope* I do not know the woman you have insulted; if I *do*, I trust your conduct will meet the rebuke it merits."

"Pshaw! this is no time for moralizing. I know you are equal to contrivance; what shall I do? Be generous for once; I need your aid."

"I am no pander, my lord: where is your purveyor, Supple?"

"He! quiz the idiot! I cannot attend to his advice; he has been boring me this half-hour to go forward and make handsome concessions, from a false notion that eloquence, even in a bad cause, frequently influences a favourable result."

"There can be no doubt your tutor is an adept in villany," said Sidney; "at all events, he must be your coadjutor in the present case; it is beneath *my* interference."

"You are an incorrigible cynic, Wentworth. I know not whether to despise or envy your calmness."

"Vanity apart, I think the latter the more

more applicable feeling," resumed Sidney. "And now, my lord, having listened to your statement, and convinced you of my inability to assist you, I must be so impolite as to remind you I am a traveller, and a weary one."

"You are a blunt specimen of English freedom," said my lord. "I would willingly hate your principles, if they did not so evidently make your happiness."

"And what are you?" said Sidney. "Lord Osterly, I *have* long considered you as an erring man; I fear I have been too lenient in my conclusions. You ridicule my language as blunt and free; it is honest: we are the mutual natives of a free country; for your own sake, I wish you were a *free* man. I know not to what extent your present dilemma may endanger your character, but of this I am certain, while you boast of independence, and decry common honesty, you are the most abject and willing of slaves. I mean not to offend you; most gladly would I see you shake off the

the odious thraldom, and act in a manner becoming your rank, and your character as a man."

"Almost thou persuadest me," said my lord.

"Forbear," interrupted Sidney; "your reference is bad, unless your sincerity might be trusted."

"Wentworth, your boldness is invincible, and, I had nearly added, unanswerable: but you are a forbidding reformer; you hold out no rewards to your proselytes; I must be soothed into the rigid path; long indulgence has spoiled me for the indefinite promises of an enthusiast."

"This is almost worse than avowed profligacy," said Sidney; "you cannot be serious. What comfort have you derived from your irregular life, my lord? has *your* happiness been *definite?* have not compunctive feelings wrung your bosom—feelings whose pungency could leave no doubt of *their* reality? Take a view of the *comparatively* virtuous man; imagine him tranquil

tranquil in his retirement; and in society, a collected *guardian* of his own actions. Is such a man's happiness indefinite? it may be imperfect, for we are probationary beings; but if peace of mind is not a blissful emblem of eternal happiness, I have mistaken the ordinances of our faith; it is unquestionable, and nothing but wilful scepticism could for a moment lead us astray. A clear conscience confers that *peace* on its possessor 'which the world cannot give;' and seizing a taper which stood on the table, "good-night, my lord," said Sidney.

"Pray for me," said the peer, in a voice half ironical.

"I would recommend you to *watch* and pray," replied Sidney, with a calm countenance. "I presume you would not dispute the adjudged fiat which is to summon us hence; it is in force; how soon it shall pass into effect, we know not: be wise, my lord, nor trifle with the passing hour."

"Tell me, Wentworth, how shall I acquire this cheerful serenity?"

"Trust

"Trust in the Rock of Ages," said our hero; "religion, pure religion, is the foundation of mortal happiness; it is the bulwark between man and crime; no outward attack can destroy the immortal nature; then shall we in our mean frame set up an atom against a deity? oppose our weak intellects to that *voice* which commanded, and it was made; who out of nothing formed the ordered universe? I am prolix, my lord, from a belief that you are not exactly what you appear to be; why it should ever be inconsistent with the young to avow their religious principles, I am at a loss to understand, short-lived tenants as we are, buoyed up by health in one hour, and languishing in the next in all the helplessness of dependant beings. Can the unbeliever ward off the stroke of death? does he bear his appointed pains with more fortitude? the very contrary is the truth. Then who can defend principles unsupported by proofs of their superiority? I will not believe you are a *voluntary* atheist; nay,

nay, I trust I shall see you a willing and a grateful Christian."

"My God!" said lord Osterly, in a voice of calm sadness, "how have you acquired this happy temper of mind? Wentworth, I am more than persuaded: you enjoy life; you are ever amongst the more cheerful classes of society; can principles such as you avow be *proved compatible* with dissipation?"

"Certainly not with dissipation," said Sidney; "I venture to assert I am not dissipated, excepting in the late hours to which I sometimes conform; and from this waste of time I shall very shortly recede. I beg you to divest my opinions of vanity; I am not conscious of being exuberant in this foible; and when I venture to enumerate the items in which *I* dissent from received habits, I do it to convince you that a man may be cheerful, nay, gay in spirit, without infringing on the records of the *internal* monitor. I have never exceeded my income; thus no man dares question

question my expenditure. I have never prostituted my veracity, in order to cut off a defenceless woman from the favour of a *just judge*. Perhaps, for I will be sincere, I *once*, in *thought*, harboured an intention decidedly criminal; I was roused from my premeditated guilt, by an event which gave me time to pause; and most sincerely grateful am I for an escape so fortuitous. Flattery is my aversion; and you could bear testimony to many instances in which I have, with apparent rudeness, dissected the nature of this insidious poison. Rivalship has not dubbed me a coachman, a boxer, or a gambler; yet I can enter into the whim of the day, and have no objection to look on. There will always exist a spirit of invention amongst the idle rich; one may regret the *descent* they make in their pursuit after novelty; their effects, however, tend to the certain and general end—ruin; and there may even be more criminal modes of meeting destruction. Thus it is practicable to enjoy one's own opinions,

without becoming materially objectionable to our associates. I have few friends, and they are out of the immediate trammels of fashionable life."

"By Heavens, Wentworth!" said lord Osterly, "I would become your disciple if you would take me in charge; but let me premise, I am in debt, and annoyed by unmerciful creditors."

"I will assist you in arranging your affairs," said Sidney, "on one condition—two I should have said; first, Supple must be dismissed; and you must restore Maria Bevans to her father."

"To the first I willingly submit; the latter is beyond *my* power. The little jilt left me at Brighton, and is now protected by colonel Stamford."

"Did you make no provision for her? give her no power to be honest?"

"She took French leave, and was off while I ran up to Tadcaster's ball."

"Unfortunate creature!" resumed Sidney. "Well, my lord, once more good-night;

night; we have in the last hour done more towards the formation of a friendship than in all the years I have known you. I am a stranger to the exact nature of the dilemma which led you to me this evening; only remember, eloquence is not necessary to express contrition; *sincerity* will ever meet leniency. I should be sorry to revoke my hopes in your stability, but I must tell you, an *early* opportunity will best aid your views; it is more than probable a very few hours will place me in that situation which might make my interference necessary;" and with more regard than had ever before marked their separation, Sidney withdrew, while lord Osterly, with an equanimity of spirits he had scarcely ever owned, retired to his pillow, resolved on pursuing happiness under a better system; that concession which had appeared so formidable, now seemed a practicable, not less than a desirable premise to his future line of actions; and with these honourable feelings we will leave the newly-converted peer, and proceed to the events of the ensuing day.

CHAP. III.

"You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings follow such creatures."

The soft beams of morn had scarcely tinged the eastern sky, ere our impatient Englishman arose. That Fitzhenry would calculate time by his feelings, could not be expected, nor did the health of the colonel justify our hero's interrupting his repose. The village clock struck five as Sidney stood observing the villagers passing to their several occupations; the harvest was waving to the early breeze, and the refreshing incense of reviving day shed a grateful fragrance around. In his own person Sidney felt an insupportable vacuum; neither book nor pencil lent its beguiling power to cheat the hours which must elapse

elapse ere they departed for the cottage. The words of a living poet occurred to Wentworth—

> "I hate to learn the ebb of time,
> From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime;
> Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
> Inch after inch along the wall."

And as he contrasted the *hour* he was contemplating, and in idea traced its minutes as occupied by the fashionable world, how worse than absurd did the enervating system appear!—"Some, even now, actively engaged in the ball-room; others at the card-table; some retiring with disappointed hopes; others so deeply engaged in the restless career, as to be insensible to every thing out of its immediate routine. Osterly said true," thought Sidney; "I know not if the waste of *time* is not the most prodigal offering to folly;" and in order to give the *present* hour all the value it could receive in his *proscribed* situation, Sidney issued forth, resolved on visiting

the count de V——, while the family at the castle were invisible.

As he passed through the wood, it was easy to take a view of Filbert Wood Cottage, and as the habitation of those we love usually owns attractions which common minds cannot discern, the really beautiful residence of our heroine seemed to Wentworth a little paradise; it was now he more than ever regretted the want of his *porte-feuille;* his fancy was exuberant at this moment; he had never felt more equal to a happy delineation of nature; as if to heighten the scene, the tones of a harp met his ear; half-persuaded that Amelia was the performer, he ventured to approach the cottage; the sound floated above him; in a few moments a voice of simple pathos sang those beautiful lines of Prior's—

"When from thy sight I pass the live-long day," &c.

Our Englishman scarcely breathed, though his heart readily admitted an indefinable delight in the application of the words.

The

The song was closed; the harp ceased; and he heard the early warbler move as to another apartment. The sin of listening might have found an excuse with his mistress, had she detected him; she did not; and as another purpose had influenced his ramble, he turned from the love-enchanted spot, and took the path to the castle.

Though motives purely honourable actuated the visit of Wentworth, there was something repugnant to his independent mind in making it at an hour when the earl must in all probability be a stranger to it.—"Poh!" said our hero, after a pause, "the count is not indebted to lord Arlingham for protection; it is an asylum afforded by a liberality to which the unfeeling Arlingham is a stranger. I would visit De V——, if but to convince the earl I considered him a distinct inhabitant of the castle;" and hastening up the avenue, he beheld the object of his inquiry seated on a bench at the door of his dwelling.

Wentworth saluted the noble foreigner,

with all that warmth which so readily touches the heart.

"You do me honour, Mr. Wentworth," said De V——; "this is the pure spirit of English liberality, of generous sympathy. I am quite well this morning, if a man can be so whose heart is broken."

"I cannot allow so depressing a term, from one who must feel all the value of friends such as you possess."

"Friends are blessings, my worthy Mr. Wentworth; I hope I am grateful for their kindness; but I had a daughter, a creature on whom I doated; my God! do I live to say she has murdered the peace of her father, abandoned an honourable husband, and left her sweet child, who will blush at the name of mother."

"If to dwell on a theme so melancholy could add to your happiness, I would enter into the nature of your feelings; but, my dear sir, we must live for others, though we cannot for ourselves."

"I strive against it; I believed I should be

be tranquil when my friend Miss Fitzhenry had given me a clear detail of facts; but her story, merciful Heaven! it proves my wretched offspring even worse than I had imagined her."

"You must have required this explanation; I think Miss Fitzhenry would not otherwise have considered it essential."

"I did, I did; Mrs. Manderson was unequal to the task; and my poor sensitive Amelia, she suffered equally with myself while dwelling on the cruel story."

"Let me entreat you will compose yourself," said Sidney; "if I am presumptuous, tell me so; I made my visit thus early, in order to be the messenger of your commands to the cottage; or will you allow me the pleasure of conveying you thither? the carriage shall come round this way."

"I am flattered by your zeal," said De V——, "but I cannot accept your kind offer; henceforward my views will be

bounded within this demesne. I can have no pleasure in society; reading is my only consolation. Do not misunderstand me, Mr. Wentworth; I must always rejoice in *receiving* the visits of yourself and my little family from the cottage. No man has a right to carry gloom into the circles of content; nor should he, as I have done, obtrude private sorrows on the ear of those whose sympathy he is so fortunate as to excite."

"Ours will be the loss," said Sidney. "I must believe Durweston will have the power of removing your objections; and the dear little boy, surely, my dear sir, you will give that fine creature the advantage of your society?"

"He must come to me," said the count; "I shall set apart his visits as hours of sunshine to a mind almost benighted. I feel I have little to do with this world, and that little should be unbroken by the casualties of *general* society."

Wentworth

Wentworth regarded the countenance of the impressive speaker; he was not far advanced in life;

"On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly press'd his signet sage;"

yet there was a determined melancholy in his voice, which strongly impressed his language as with prophetic import.

"You are an early riser, my lord," said Sidney.

"I have done with that distinction, Mr. Wentworth; call me De V——; in my situation it would be egregious pride to retain a title unsupported by the power which once was mine. I do rise early to enjoy a walk while the family repose. The castle is full of visitors; it will not last long, when I shall be under less restraint."

"I should imagine a residence more suited to your mind might be found," said Sidney; "one where no intrusions could occur."

"I will never quit this spot," replied De V——; "the friend of my early youth lived in this abode many years; he died here; I will share his grave. The religion I profess," and he turned his eye towards a crucifix, which was visible from their seat, "not being that of the country which protects me, is more happily pursued in a retirement like mine. I thank you for the consideration your words imply; I am yet independent, for which I thank Heaven, not for my own, but for the sake of my grandchild."

Wentworth was replying when the sound of a light footstep caught his ear. In a moment a female turned the angle which concealed them from immediate view, when lady Anna Arlingham appeared; she started at the sight of Wentworth, and seemed for an instant to be retiring. Sidney arose—"I will go, lady Anna; I beg I may not prevent your wishes."

"You are very formal when there is no *occasion* for it," said her ladyship, reassured by

by the discovery that our hero was the count's companion. "My lord," said the graceful mediator, "I request you will allow me the happiness of executing your commands, in any way which can add to your comfort as the resident of Westbourne wing."

De V—— stood before his noble visitor with a countenance elevated and strongly expressive of admiration.—"I am greatly obliged by your ladyship's condescension," said he; "I am perfectly satisfied with the retirement the castle affords; I have no wants, nor any wish, save that of retaining the honour of your ladyship's good opinion."

Lady Anna curtseyed gracefully.—"Seclusion is your choice, I believe, my lord, or I should certainly become your visitor."

"The honour of your ladyship's conversation will at all times claim my attention and my gratitude."

"Then you will allow me to make my calls

calls in the morning? I walk before breakfast."

The count assented.

"I only heard late last night that you were indisposed," resumed lady Anna; "my servant could not state particulars; indeed, her account was so confused and improbable, I knew no way in which I could atone for my previous neglect, but by assuring you I was a stranger to the circumstance, until too late to remedy it."

Wentworth understood more of the subject than her ladyship; fearful lest the count should learn the inhumanity of the earl, he moved his head, with a meaning which repressed the eloquence of lady Anna.

"Where do you reside?" asked her ladyship of Sidney.

"At the Arlingham Arms," said Sidney. "I came down with a friend."

"I thank you for the *denouement* of last night," said her ladyship, with a blush; "it

"it was quite a reprieve, if you knew all that has happened lately."

"I hope I was not misrepresented," said Sidney; "understand me; the *veracity* of the party could not be questioned; but anger defeats justice."

"Oh, it was quite clear; perfectly satisfactory to the person most concerned," resumed her ladyship. "I hope we shall have a calm, after the late tempest. But pray tell me what has brought you to this place? it is too early for shooting."

"Love brought me here," said Sidney; "I dare not say more. If you were a free agent of your own actions, I *think* I could increase your happiness; but I will not torment you."

"Who can it be?" said lady Anna, thoughtfully; "it must be somebody at Filbert Wood Cottage; that is the only place I do not visit; yet I am sure I know not why papa laid restrictions on my rambles in that quarter."

"There is a sort of magic in its circle," said

said Sidney; "perhaps lord Arlingham has lost the *magician's* wand, and could not protect you from its enchantment."

"You are saucy, Wentworth, but you have raised my woman's curiosity; aunt Morbury is past the age of enchantment; I shall certainly, under her guidance, explore the forbidden ground."

"I would not advise you to do so," said Sidney; "leave it to time; nay, chance may do something for you in this particular."

"How ambiguous! I shall not sleep till I have made you out. Oh! I forgot—Osterly will dine with us; he will interpret this mysterious business."

"Perhaps so," said Wentworth; "at least he will tell all he knows."

"My lord," said lady Anna, addressing the count, "you see a very giddy creature in your visitor; put the best construction on the manner of a woman who is not often allowed to enjoy the sunshine of youth. I cannot be cheerful without infringing

fringing on the commands of a parent. I regret my duty is not more compatible with my disposition; and can only hope my involuntary crime may appear less exceptionable to strangers."

"I am not authorized to be umpire in a case so delicate," said De V——; "*my* decision would not repress a cheerfulness so natural to youth."

"Thank you, my lord," said lady Anna; "I must wish you good morning;" and repeating her liberal offers of service to the count, she withdrew.

"A very handsome and seemingly amiable woman," said De V——.

Wentworth added to the favourable decision of the count, relating her attentions and friendship towards Amelia. In speaking of lady Anna, he was necessarily compelled to name the earl; in doing this, he was mindful not to overstretch the portrait; yet he trusted his elucidation would guard De V—— from any personal meeting with the lord of Westbourne.

"I have

"I have met him once or twice," replied the count; "his *hauteur* disgusted me; he did not return my salutation, but eyed me with a glance intended to express much meaning; it was beneath my retort. I owe him courtesy as the master of the demesne. Respect was my due; it is the right of man from man, and he is an inferior being who denies it. I hear he is a prejudiced mortal, one whose local mind admits not of affiliation with the natives of another soil. I should doubt even the *family* charity of a heart so little swayed by Christian principles. To me his scorn is as the wind, it will neither diminish my internal confidence, nor teach me to dread what it is the will of Heaven I should endure."

"This is the only disposition which can cope with an aristocrat," said Sidney; "yield to him, and you increase his vicious pride. There is scarcely a foible attached to human nature which will not at *times* claim our leniency, excepting this odious assumption;

assumption; and, in truth, he is a pitiable object, served but from motives of *interest* or *fear*, *countenanced* only from the rank he holds in society; *friendship* is beneath his dignity, and *protection* above his iron-hearted comprehension. Will his *genealogy* secure him from disease? or the mortal shock rescue his noble dust from the ashes of the beggar?"

"One of your poets," replied De V——, "has with justice declared—

"The study of mankind is man."

It is at once a glorious and an humiliating study. What honest man but rejoices in acknowledging the virtues of a fellow-being? who is not gratified in reflecting on the link which nature generously extends throughout the rational mass? who that loves virtue but deplores and is humbled by the defections of creatures so eminently endowed? Vanity is the worst enemy of man; I know not an error into which its inordinate power will not lead us; and when

when we see it exuberantly planted, where education and high birth are conspicuous, where respect might be *claimed*, if it was not *imperiously demanded*, it is *then* hereditary rank becomes a badge of disgrace; the levelling principles of the democrat creep into the subordinate classes of mankind; and they who should support the national superiority, become the igneous immolators of their country."

Wentworth beheld in the exposition of the count all the retrospective observation of a just mind. It was to his degraded country he alluded, that nation once so respectable in the scale of Europe, now the usurped possession of a second Nero.

As politics and love is not a *melange* suited to the taste of my readers, nor yet an acceptable subject to the man who stood in the situation of our hero, we will withdraw from its incongruous exhibition, and follow our Englishman to his inn.

It was gratifying to the heart of Wentworth to behold lady Anna pursuing a conduct

conduct so suited to her sex.—" She is an excellent girl," said he, mentally, " a gracious benign woman. Oh! how they err, who prize not gentleness as woman's loveliest charm!" and carrying his perceptive faculty to her in whom *his* eye saw no blemish, he methodized the coming hours with all those exuberant touches with which the fancy of a lover is so abundantly stored.

Again the drowsy steeple announced the flight of time; it was eight o'clock; nine was the appointed hour. Seeking the apartment of Fitzhenry, he found him waiting his return.

" You have stolen a march upon me, Wentworth," said the colonel; " the golden moments of love are not to be slighted; you have seen Amelia."

" On my word I have not," replied Sidney; and giving Fitzhenry a detail of his recent visit, he engaged the social feelings of the colonel in behalf of De V——.

" I am not reconciled to his accepting an

an asylum at Westbourne," said Fitzhenry; "I would not live within pistol-shot of such a rational monster."

"I really believe a strict Catholic is less vulnerable to the insolence of pride than we are," said Sidney. "I know not if the man or his religion is the cause of this indifference; *I* would say the latter; the bigotry of that faith is tinctured with an evident idea of its *superiority;* they regard us as unenlightened beings, *wanderers* in a path which *they* have secured to themselves; and as innate principle guards human nature from outward attacks, the conscious disciple of a faith (however superstitious) which *his* reason approves, is a stoic, where the less *vain* man is amenable."

"I cannot submit to your opinion," said Fitzhenry; "you give too much importance to their mistaken zeal; fortitude under affliction is so noble a virtue, it clothes a man with an armour so honourable, you haveleft nothing for the *Christian* hero, Mr. Wentworth."

"The

"The *Christian* hero needs no defender, my dear sir; pardon me when I say you have brought into our discussion that character which distinguishes your profession. According to my idea, the Protestant religion may be compared to a code of lenient laws, drawn up by a judge perfect in wisdom; exacting no effort beyond our ability; giving to the faithful observer of its institutes all the blissful promises of a future state. That spirit of fellowship, that brotherly love so strongly inculcated by Divine Providence, is the *point* I would oppose to your observation of my seeming leniency towards the Catholics. We are not bigots; presumption is not a tenet of our faith; we consider mankind in general; we do not cut off a class from the benefit of our services; and though I am the last man who would attach inhumanity to any particular people, I must ever believe *we*, by the reason and practicability of our religion, are less liable to an error so unpardonable. In the sublime person of

of our Redeemer, there was blended that lowliness, that humility, which should divest his humble likeness of all *personal* superiority. I might be condemned for the familiarity of my remark, if I added, the dignity and grace of the Divine Mediator has often engaged my contemplative moments. In his more pre-eminent acts, what a simplicity of language! with how much tenderness were his reproofs conveyed! it is really wonderful a 'deity confest' has not produced in his protected fold a people more worthy of his favour."

"You have satisfied me," resumed Fitzhenry; "and I may venture to tell a man of your character how highly I prize such sentiments. Example is so pernicious with the young, the laxity of our morals is so alarming, that the man who takes time to *think* for himself deserves commendation."

"It is a very essential effort of reason for perishable man to think of the future," replied Sidney, "surrounded as he is by death,

death, disease, and incidental casualties; and as a female writer has with eloquent perspicuity observed—

——— 'there is an inward peace in an humble trust in God, and in a simple reliance on his word; there is a repose of spirit, a freedom from solicitude in a lowly confidence in him, for which the world has nothing to give in exchange.'

MORE's *Practical Piety.*

In seeking this consolation from a directing Providence, we simply accede to his promised interposition; he will give rest to the weary, support the weak, and cherish the strong in faith. Are such implied mercies to be rejected? to mix only in our lip worship, not become the actuating principles of our life? Venial faults will steal into the registry of man's actions; they can scarcely grow enormous but by his wilful blindness. To the professors of a contrary faith I would be indulgent, from an idea that opposition inflames zeal, whether false or true; but when the believer in revelation is an evident seceder

from its simple, though illustrious precepts, when he is a task-master where he should be a brother, the *forbearing* man, be his religion what it may, he ranks above the mistaken, the truant Christian."

"I am a convert to your reasoning, Wentworth. Heaven make me grateful that a mind so well directed will be the guide of my Amelia! Let us go; my impatience to behold my orphan girl is too powerful to bear with forms; she will excuse our anticipating the appointed hour, when I have avowed myself."

Our Englishman gave instant orders for the carriage. To prevent any premature discovery, by means of the colonel's servants, Sidney mounted the box, and with a dexterity almost equal to that of a *Salt-hill* buck, transported the colonel to Filbert Wood Cottage.

Old Bevans ushered the gentlemen to the breakfast-room, Wentworth introducing the colonel as colonel Renny. Sidney thought he perceived an embarrassment, not

not to say an uneasiness, in the countenance of our heroine; his eye sought the cause, but she avoided its anxious inquiry. Mrs. Manderson, after the first compliments, regarded Fitzhenry with attention.

"Miss Fitzhenry," said the colonel, "you do not welcome me as I deserve; I have thought of you incessantly since our first meeting; do not blush at the confession of an old man. Tell me, has this formidable fellow superseded me in your remembrance?"

"I cannot be insensible to the good opinion of colonel Renny," said Amelia; "I was too much obliged by your considerate kindness, sir, to forget it so soon."

"Well, then, we stand on equal grounds; but we must advance, my sweet girl," said Fitzhenry, rising, and taking the hand of Amelia; "you must love me as I do you, Amelia. My poor child! I am the seeming truant, the long-expected Fitzhenry. Come to my arms; henceforth you are

my daughter;" and folding the astonished orphan to his bosom, an interesting silence ensued.

"Oh! why did not you avow yourself?" said Amelia, recovering from her surprise.

"Why did you conceal your real name?" said the colonel; "how much anxiety had been spared me, had you answered my inquiry ingenuously!"

"I am the accountable person in this particular," said Mrs. Manderson.

"Then I will vouch for the purity of the intention," replied Fitzhenry. "My dear madam, I am under everlasting obligations to you;" and taking a seat by the agitated matron, he entered into an explanation of the causes which had delayed his return to England. "Wentworth," said the colonel, "we will yield our treasure to your care for a short half hour; a curiosity I cannot suppress must be appeased in your absence."

Sidney led the trembling Amelia to the garden,

garden, and the anxious Fitzhenry sought of Mrs. Manderson a recital of their chequered fortunes.

"At the death of captain Fitzhenry," said Mrs. Manderson, "my beloved Amelia was two years old. I need not expatiate on the worth of the captain; his character and his early fate was duly appreciated and lamented. My pupil, the most tender and amiable of women, survived him but a few months. The property devolving to Amelia was little more than two thousand pounds. Edward Durweston, whose father was, I believe, known to you, became an orphan about the same period. I received my nephew from the hands of my brother, in his dying moments, promising to watch over and guard his youth. With my orphan charges I continued at ——, in hopes of arranging their mutual interest in pecuniary matters. Edward possessed a property in right of my brother, adequate to moderate happiness. After four years, not succeeding to my wish in these particulars, and my

own income being limited, I proposed quitting India. Durweston, then fourteen years old, avowed himself desirous of entering the army. His father's memory was yet dear to his brother soldiers; and after a year or two spent in preparations for the profession, he entered the army.

"An American lady, like myself a widow, with moderate fortune, about this time proposed my accompanying her to her own country. I was indifferent to clime; and the cheapness of the province to which she was going helped to establish my resolution.

"We quitted ——, leaving Edward to pursue his fortune as a soldier, confiding to his charge the necessary documents for settling the claims of Miss Fitzhenry. After some time a vessel was procured, whose destination was contiguous to ——. Our voyage was easy: to be brief, in the hospitable city of ——, my orphan friend was reared. Edward had arrived at the rank of captain, well esteemed, and with promise of

of higher rank. Our money negociations failed; the house in which Amelia's was vested became insolvent, and a very trifling proportion reached our hands. Edward's was scarcely less unfortunate; from a principle of gratitude, he invested a sum in an annuity for me; the plan was new and ill-digested; his pure intentions were defeated; and to add to his misery, a wound of a serious and alarming sort disabled him for service nearly twelve months. I pressed him to throw up his commission and join me; to this he would not assent. Again he joined his regiment, when a second wound brought him to the verge of death: no longer able to contend with the hardships of his profession, he quitted the army, and with a shattered constitution and broken fortune, proceeded to ——.

"The joy of receiving him once more, for a time superseded all idea of his future pursuits. Naturally independent, he was the first to draw out a line of action; a small farm in the environs of the city be-

came our residence. Here, by a toil which the energy of his mind induced, he became, by the honest spirit of industry, if not independent, comparatively tranquil. He was then five and twenty, Amelia fifteen. Though the character of sir Ormsby Wentworth did not justify any strong hope of his generosity towards my female charge, considering her as a *natural* claimant on his bounty, I addressed him in behalf of the orphan, whose relationship to the *late* lady Wentworth gave her a claim to his protection. I received no answer to my appeal; and Edward, who loved Amelia as a brother, entreated me to desist from further importunity. I knew not how my nephew escaped the influence of her resistless character, though I certainly rejoiced in his indifference in this particular. Fate had destined him to the most unhappy of all connexions. The daughter of the count de V——, then under the care of a French emigrée, captivated the affections of Durweston; she appeared artless, though volatile.

volatile. Edward loved; and he saw no fault in his mistress; she was accomplished and beautiful in person; her religion was with me a strong objection. Durweston was too much in love to hear reason; and in the very climax of his passion, she became, by the death of her protectress, an isolated being.

"I was compelled to assent to his views; it was in me a principle of comparative benevolence; I was the guardian of an orphan; could I reprobate the liberality of a man who took the portionless woman from the snares of the world? I assented; and for two years the happiness of my nephew was complete.

"The count, who had been detained in France many years, and whose existence was doubted, at this time addressed his daughter, unacquainted with the events which had befallen her. Edward wrote him, and received the grateful acknowledgments of a father from the noble De V——, who requested Durweston to

bring his family to Hamburgh, when he would adjust a plan for their future comfort. The arrangement pleased me; I was not reconciled to the idea of detaining my ward in a country so remote from those whose protection she might be obliged to ask. We crossed the Atlantic.

"Arriving in Hamburgh at a period when the French were in possession of the city, the American flag was respected, and our residence fixed in this place, until further advice from the count. The infant son of Durweston was then scarcely three years old; I cannot dwell on this part of my narrative. Adelaide appeared a new character, when surrounded by her gallant countrymen. Edward saw the change with alarm; he remonstrated; she spurned reproof; and without a shadow of principle, abandoned her husband. Her elopement was not discovered for some hours after her departure. Her seducer was one of those satellites who hover round the mock majesty of the Corsican tyrant. They had passed

passed the gates of the city, and were past pursuit, ere my wretched nephew was apprized of his disgrace. How did the gentle sympathy, the womanly fortitude of my Amelia sooth the distracted Edward!

"Some months passed in the misery of despair, when the letters of De V—— called forth the liveliest anguish in Durweston; he could not brand the victim of error as she deserved, without destroying her noble father. I advised him to prepare the wretched parent for his disgrace, by hinting at her levity.

"In the meantime, our situation was becoming infinitely more embarrassed. I languished for an opportunity of quitting a place ill suited to compose the disturbed bosom of my nephew. It occurred to me, lady Catherine Fitzhenry, the aunt of my Amelia's father, if applied to, might become the protectress of my charge. I had seen her many years since; I knew she lived in Ireland; and believing a motive of humanity would readily lead Durweston to

aid my plans, I proposed our proceeding to England soon as passports could be attained, when I would address her ladyship in behalf of my ward. After months of tedious application we attained our wish, gladly quitting a place whose mixed inhabitants, and contra-elegant habits, were little suited to persons above their taste, though inferior in fortune.

" England at length sheltered us. From London I addressed lady Catherine. Her answer was gracious; she requested me to bring Miss Fitzhenry to Castle Baron; she was impatient to receive her. Again we were voyagers; but, as if you, sir, were the destined protector of my youthful wanderer, we were doomed to disappointment in our Irish expedition. On our arrival at the castle, situated in the north, we found it occupied by a nephew of her ladyship's; and learned, with feelings you may conceive, lady Catherine had died suddenly three days before we reached the castle. Retiring to an inn contiguous, I resolved

resolved on waiting till the funeral took place, intending to see the heir, and explain the purpose of our visit. This, like most of my unfortunate determinations, proved an useless waste of time.

"I saw Mr. Herrington, who with much characteristic warmth admitted (on perusal of lady Catherine's invitation) that my pretensions had been founded on very natural conclusions. He assured me he considered our *late* arrival the die on which his prospects were cast. 'My aunt was penurious, and desirous of life,' said he; 'she never could bear my presence, knowing my right of succession to her property; nay, I believe you are more indebted to her resentment than her generosity in the invitation you received from her; nor has she left the estate clear. I have a large family, and must think of my own; but as you have incurred expences in this journey, I will certainly remunerate you for your unsuccessful adventure.'

"Unwilling to raise a bar between my charge

charge and her most remote kindred, I did not decline his services. Mr. Herrington behaved with politeness to Amelia; but he made no profession of sufficient consequence to detain us near him. As such, we once more turned our thoughts to England.

"It was during our short residence in Ireland, Edward became acquainted with a young English merchant, Mr. Henry Carberry, a truly liberal and enlightened man; he was then acting in a commercial capacity for his uncle; a few weeks cemented a friendship, which, I trust, will end but with life. We were passengers to England in the same packet. Carberry proceeded to London. We remained at Parkgate.

"The metropolis appeared a scene so formidable to lone women, whose scanty income scarcely afforded the necessaries of life, I resolved on seeking some cheap town in Wales, where we could hide our disappointed feelings. Durweston acceded to my plan: he settled us in a dwelling suited

suited to our finances, and proceeded to London in search of employment. Some minor attendances I have omitted, from a wish to avoid prolixity; the man who ushered Mr. Wentworth and yourself to our presence, has, with his daughter, been the faithful attendants of our fortunes.

"We were by no means judicious in our plan; the little-mindedness of an obscure town, prone to scandal, and decisive arbiters of the means and rights of strangers, was ill calculated to afford happiness to persons whose wish was obscurity, seclusion. We were marked out as suspicious, because we were not communicative. Amelia's resource was her pencil; she applied herself so strictly to attain perfection, that her performance was wholly beyond all expectation.

"From Edward we learned that Carberry had solicited him to share in the fatigues of his office; it was an offer made by a man of mind, who, to give it all the ease and unreserve of friendship, applied himself

himself to duties he had in his own person long resigned. Amelia's drawings were sent to London. Edward sought means of disposing of them. At length his domestic mind, unused to live alone, suggested our removal; he knew the uncongenial spot in which our dwelling was fixed. The talent of Amelia would in London meet encouragement; and *he* who must have a home, could become our protector.

"We were not long in deciding; our hearts pointed to the place in which our comfort resided: but here I must do justice to the liberality of Mr. Henry Carberry, who, captivated by the mild fortitude, not less than the person of my ward, came into Wales to offer her his hand. When we consider the independence of this young man, the power which riches gives, though the offer might be beneath the hereditary right of Miss Fitzhenry, her *evident* situation gives him the strongest claim to respect."

"Most certainly," said the colonel; "it was

was a generous, a very manly decision in one so independent."

"He was refused from principle; and I am proud to add, the manner of Amelia made a firm friend of an ardent lover. Our little household was removed to London; a small house at Pentonville was engaged, where Edward seemed once more to regain peace of mind. At length, sickness broke in upon our returning calm; Amelia, from intense application to her pencil, became languid and depressed; she strove to conceal her feelings, till nature could no longer support the deceit; a long and tedious illness reduced her to a shadow.

"I will have no reserves; she claims your admiration, not less than your love," said Mrs. Manderson. "Sickness, without *proportioned* means of alleviation, can scarcely be comprehended by those who have never known a want—that state of the feelings which teaches us to shrink from professional advice, lest by the attendant

tendant *expence* you fix a radical disease on the too susceptible mind—a mental depression not to be described, though its effects most visibly destroy the frame. Not all the exertions of Edward could defend us from the approaches of poverty.

" Amelia recovered, and, contrary to my wishes, firmly resolved on providing for herself. Mr. Carberry was our negociator. Through his uncle's interest, she entered into the family of a Mrs. Marnley, as a companion. It was at this period I proposed her using the name of Sidney, in lieu of her surname. She was unwilling to adopt my plan, until I pressed it; nor did I state *all* my reasons for requiring her to do so.

" Durweston could not be reconciled to the dependant state of Miss Fitzhenry; his faith in her prudence was firm; but the very nature of her situation exposed her to insult. He became her silent attendant, frequently following her to those public places in which his mind took no interest, purely

purely to guard her from danger. Carberry entered into the nature of his feelings, and often shared his anxious and interesting post. The deprivation I sustained in the loss of Amelia's society, added to other causes, threw me on the bed of sickness; I would not withdraw my ward from her new asylum; she had already been too great a sufferer in her domestic calamities.

"Edward assuring himself I was not in immediate danger, left me for three days. I knew not the motive of his departure; and with real astonishment learned, on his return, he had been to Adderfield, to demand an interview of sir Ormsby Wentworth. His embassy was unsuccessful, sir Ormsby refusing credit to his statement. The incredulous and intemperate manner of the baronet was nobly opposed by the amiable Mr. Wentworth, who from that moment has been strenuous in his endeavours to serve Durweston. My nephew could not subdue his pride so far as to accept his services, until the persevering Wentworth,

Wentworth, by his urbanity to little Charles, compelled him to a meeting. They are now the warmest friends, and, I trust, will ever remain so.

"The character and person of Mr. Wentworth had been represented to me, through the son of our old servant, who has been some years with Mr. Wentworth. When I understood his worth, and beheld my child entering into a circle in which she might probably meet him, it became more than ever a point with me to screen her real name; she might have been indebted to his humanity, and have found *gratitude* too poor a *return;* and, indeed, the lady with whom she resided was more particularly considered as attached to Mr. Wentworth. It is a strange coincidence, that the man from whom I was most solicitous to guard her, has been the selected object of her love.

"I have little more to add, except that chance threw our female servant, with Charles Durweston, in the path of the

count

count de V——, who, one morning, visiting a French establishment in the neighbourhood of Pentonville, noticed the little fellow, and asked his name; the result may be imagined. He instantly followed the girl to our dwelling. I cannot, nor is it necessary I should enlarge on this subject; suffice it to say, he had resigned himself to a belief we were all dead. The disgrace of his child had reached him through an unexpected channel; he forbade the mention of her name, instantly adopting his grandchild, and nominating Edward his guardian.

"De V—— had accepted the retirement afforded by the behest of lady Barbara Arlingham. The incumbent having a right of nomination, had appointed the count de V——, whom he had known from early life. He was on the point of retiring to Westbourne at the period of our first meeting. De V—— is a man of strong feelings, with the highest notions of gratitude; he insisted on laying down a plan

plan for our accommodation. The occasional presence of Edward and his child, he declared to be essential to his peace; and ere a month had elapsed, I was summoned to this dwelling, where I found all the comforts, and many of the elegancies of life, were prepared for my reception. Mr. Wentworth has explained the causes which have detained my nephew and his child from sharing my tranquillity; a little time will, I trust, bring my family around me. I am pleased with the situation, and have now no wish ungratified, since my Amelia is acknowledged and approved by the patron of her future days."

"Thank you, my dear madam," said Fitzhenry; "your narrative is, in all respects, a most distressing picture of disappointed hopes: that so much misery should have been your lot, while I lived, to whom you might so justly appeal, is an enigma I cannot understand; there is only *one* way in which I can account for it; and, rough soldier as I am, I blush to give credit to my suspicions.

suspicions. If I express the admiration I feel for my dear Amelia, I must equally value the woman who reared and protected her, when her means were not adequate to a liberality so truly noble. I respect Durweston—I esteem him as a son; if I understand his character, he would not meet me on terms repugnant to his independent mind; with *you*, such a pride would be erroneous. I am your debtor in no inconsiderable sum. Amelia, but for untoward circumstances, would have received her education by my directions, and at my expence. It is happy for *her* she was preserved by your care, fostered under your eye; but this very consideration enhances the nature of my obligation. I am grateful, my excellent friend:—we will drop the subject for the present; I see our lovers are approaching. What an elegance of figure!" said Fitzhenry, as he stood half-concealed, observing his adopted child; "her countenance is strongly indicative of her mind; a mild expressive intelligence beams in her eye;

eye; and has she been exposed to poverty, to want?"

"It is too true," sighed Mrs. Manderson, "the very worst species of poverty, the deprivations which bow the frame, while they enchain the tongue."

"I could hate sir Ormsby, if it were not for his son," said Fitzhenry, as the tears rolled down his cheeks; "yet, Heaven knows, *I* have been truly reprehensible, in not taking more decisive means of serving my rejected orphan;" and advancing to the door, he took the hand of Amelia, and led her to the breakfast-room, regarding her varying cheek with an expression of tenderness. "Was this a face to be exposed against the warring winds?" said Fitzhenry. "My God! child, I have no right to your affection, yet I cannot live without it." Might she not have used the replication of the tender Cordelia?

"O look upon me, sir, and hold your hands in benediction o'er me," &c.

"Though the application might be just, domestic

domestic life admits not such poetic licence."

"I am too happy to look back," said Amelia, pressing the hand she held; "and indeed, I always expected (if we met) to find you what you are."

"Dear consoling girl," said Fitzhenry, "you alone can reconcile me to myself;" and seating himself by our heroine, as she took her place at the breakfast-table, he sat watching her manner with all the solicitude of a parent.

"Mrs. Manderson," said Sidney, "may I ask if lord Osterly has in any way obtruded on you? Miss Fitzhenry is not ingenuous; I perceive she is uneasy, and I guess the cause: do satisfy me."

"No, no," said Amelia, "it is a matter of no consequence; indeed it is done away for ever."

"Enough," said Wentworth; "it were unnecessary to say more; I suspected as much."

"What have I said?" resumed Amelia. "Good Heavens! Mr. Wentworth, why would you seek into this foolish business? it is nothing, I assure you."

"It should be nothing now, Amelia," said Mrs. Manderson; and turning to the colonel, she added—"Lord Osterly, with that insolence and incaution which sometimes attaches to young men of rank, presumed to address Miss Fitzhenry, in a way which deserved chastisement. The letter fell into my hands; I withheld it from Amelia. Last night a handsome recantation was presented to my young friend, with a decided proposal of marriage. The recriminating sentiments it contained fully elucidated the nature of his prior address. I was consequently compelled to explanation; and though I am convinced his lordship is *now* the degraded party, Amelia has not recovered the effects of his unequivocal insult."

"What a monstrous and fluctuating animal

animal is a libertine!" said Fitzhenry; "though the wretch has made his recantation, I must see him."

"Leave that to me," said Wentworth, rising; "I know his lordship well. I will be back presently;" and he moved towards the door.

"Oh, stop him," said Amelia, in unfeigned agitation; "one word, only one word;" and she rushed out of the room.

"I am no duellist, my dear Amelia," said our Englishman, as he caught the distracted girl to his bosom; "I will order him to quit this place; he will comply, I am persuaded he will: should he refuse this, or object to apologize to *me* for the insult you have sustained, fear not; a horse-whipping is the proper chastisement for a babbling blockhead like Osterly."

"If you really loved me," said Amelia, in a tremulous voice, "you would let the matter rest; I have answered him; he will never presume to address me again."

"If I loved you! does it admit of a

doubt? let me have my way this once; henceforward I will be guided by my sweet love. I should deserve to lose you, if I could be indifferent in a point like the present;" and pressing the tearful cheek of his fair enslaver, he broke from her gentle hold, and hurried towards the inn.

Within a hundred yards of the cottage, Sidney encountered the object of his pursuit.

"You are the person I seek," said Wentworth, addressing my lord; "I have this moment discovered Miss Fitzhenry is the woman you have insulted, by proposals of the basest kind. I now tell you she is the woman I love, my affianced wife, and I demand an unequivocal apology for your conduct."

"She your intended wife! is it settled?" said lord Osterly; "how was it possible I should guess such a thing?"

"It is no matter what you could foresee, or what you credit; this is the fact—I expect your answer."

"I am

"I am not to be frightened into concessions," said my lord; "and, in truth, your mistress has given me a pretty philippic: hear, and be convinced;" and he drew a letter from his pocket, and, after a pause, read the following extract:—

'Had you spared me the insult, and confined yourself to the proposals you no doubt consider infinitely condescending, I must have remained indifferent to the professions of a man whose opinions are so every way at variance with *my* principles; believing your seeming contrition, like your favourable sentiments, a transient and unsupported illustration of your character, I am not disposed to dissect them; it would be giving too much importance to your inconclusive intrusion, or I would submit it to colonel Fitzhenry. I spare you this, my lord, and recommend you to be more cautious in future.'

"Did you ever hear any thing so saucy, so like defiance? whu! I forgot who I was talking to."

"I am more than ever disgusted with your levity," said Sidney. "After your recent and seemingly honourable regrets, I had no idea you would attempt to defend such conduct: you must, however, change the manner of your defence; you must admit mistake in the character of the woman you have insulted. I repeat, she is my betrothed wife."

"Positively, Wentworth, I *was* resolved on being prudent, had not the little devil wounded my pride, my vanity I might say."

"Talk not so egregiously ridiculous, my lord; to hear you mention wounded feelings, is indeed out of place. How have *you* distressed the mind of a virtuous woman by your unpardonable insult—degraded *her* whom your present *deceptive* feelings would lead you to wed? could she forget your infamy? no woman of common principle could accept the man who had addressed her irreverently; nor would you have entertained such an idea, had not *fortune*

tune been attached to the object of your mistaken passion."

"There is some truth in that, Wentworth; I own the fact; the girl is not so supereminently handsome, but her equal might be found, though I grant she has an air which pleases me; nay, her very indifference is worth a pursuit; and I hear her fortune will be immense."

"We will not cavil with the future," said Sidney; "the *present* engages my thoughts. I wait your apology; her fame is mine; no insult shall reach her from which I can guard her. Your answer, my lord."

"Why, certainly, if I had known how the land lay, I should not have been at the trouble of a journey into this quarter; and if you had been ingenuous, Wentworth, I should have been spared the vexation attending it."

"I know not by what right lord Osterly could claim *my* confidence," replied Wentworth; "we have never been in the habit of communication, my lord; and, forgive

me if I add, the name of a virtuous woman is too sacred to be garbled in the presence of their avowed enemies."

"Is not this scandal?" said my lord; "are you not traducing my fair name? ranking me with the professed libertine?"

"I am a stranger to your professions," said Sidney; "I judge by your conduct, which is confessedly immoral. I would willingly shorten our conference, my lord; give me the satisfaction I require."

"Your's is the very tyranny of love," resumed the peer; "I hate compulsion; yet, if the girl is really attached to you, I will avow, had I known your engagement, I would not have interfered with you: will this do?"

"Not exactly, my lord; I must request you will withdraw from this place, soon as possible; there can scarcely be a more painful feeling to a delicate woman, than the sight of the man who has offended in the way you have done; and, indeed, I should imagine you would rejoice to quit a spot

a spot where your principles are known, and so justly estimated."

"Your morning and your evening theory do not agree," said lord Osterly; "I thought you had taken me in hand; nay, I absolutely took credit to myself, in the handsome proposals I submitted to my offended fair: what prospect is there for me in the path of reformation, if my *best* intentions are thus maltreated and arraigned?"

"The path *I* recommended to your serious consideration, my lord, was by no means that of self-assurance; I did not persuade you to temporary, but lasting efforts for your own happiness; I know the *half*-sincere receder from vice draws a strong line between the *credit* he gives, and the *debt* he incurs at the expence of his reflective moments; unless a man can bring himself to *reflect*, as well as *hope*, his amendment is at best precarious, if not improbable. I must return to my friends," continued Sidney; "and I certainly expect you will not remain in this neighbourhood, my

lord. Admitting your presence is too inconsequential to be of moment to Miss Fitzhenry, guarded as she is by the purity of her own mind, and the protection of friends who know her worth, I cannot command my feelings sufficiently to meet the man who has thus covertly assailed me in the tenderest point. Go, my lord; you have leisure to pursue virtue; embrace the power, and live to be esteemed, in place of being despised."

"Once more, I repeat, I envy you, Wentworth; by Heaven! you are deserting me at the very moment of most consequence to me. I will go, if you will give me your word we meet in future as friends; nay, more, I will depute you to convey my apology for the past, in any way you like best, upon these terms."

"This concession is adequate to my wishes," said Sidney; "I accept it with a degree of satisfaction I had not imagined you could inspire. The word friend is a sacred title, implying more than common

mon interest in my mind. I, my lord hope shortly to appear in the world a married man; my future connexions with my own sex will, consequently, be select. If I find you less the victim of dissipation than I have hitherto known you; in short, if you are fit for the society of modest women, by having thrown off your present associates, I shall be glad to see you; we must, in that case, meet with the best cement to friendship, *esteem*. If my sincerity repels your avowed wish, you are at liberty, and will have time to turn the subject in your mind."

"It does not; yet I wonder at myself. Give me your hand, Wentworth; I grant your system is an odd one, a sort of compulsatory mode of pressing a man into your principles; but I verily believe it is your boldness that subdues my resolution. One word—you do not doubt my *personal* courage? speak honestly."

"I should have infinitely less faith in the

real courage of a man who defended his immorality by a direct violation of the divine law. No, my lord, I give you credit for your recantation; I grant it was slow in eliciting itself, which is, perhaps, its best recommendation; it is rather the effect of conviction, than an accedance from the necessity of situation."

"You have a happy way of reconciling your creed of honour to the taste of your disciples; I feel it is consistent, or I could not have submitted to it."

"You do me justice," resumed Sidney; "I am not so presumptuous as to dictate in matters distinct from my interference; the present came home to my heart. If I have pressed you with an unbecoming warmth, I have mistaken the nature of pure love, which, though reposing on the faith of its confiding object, is too tenderly alive to the chastity of its fame, to be silent where the breath of slander or doubt can assail it."

"Shall

"Shall I ever own this elevating, this imperious feeling in the cause of woman?" said my lord.

"I must hope you will, my lord," said Sidney; "you have my good wishes. Good morning;" and retracing the path to the cottage, he was once more disposed to give his lordship credit for transient symbols of reviving virtue.

As Wentworth rejoined the party at the cottage, the inquiring eye of Amelia was directed towards our hero. I know not that she was a pupil of Lavater's; yet it is certain she read *more* than the favourable adjustment of the (to her) hazardous meeting, there was, in the quick glance of our Englishman, such an evident harmony of spirits, a sort of eloquent, though silent illustration of his feelings, which seemed to say—"You are my own, the creature for whom I resign all other women, whom I will defend with life, my exclusive, my triumphant mistress."

"I am deputed to make lord Osterly's unfeigned

feigned concessions for the past," said Sidney; "we will bury the subject; it is sufficient for us we have attained our point;" and turning from the remarks of Fitzhenry, he bade Amelia dismiss the recollection altogether. "I am half-persuaded Osterly is at this moment more worthy of respect than at any period of his life," continued Wentworth; "the repulses of a virtuous woman are the most humiliating inflictions a man of gallantry can experience; in the present case, I really believe the offender is the victim of shame, the very best foundation for a better line of action."

"My countrymen have certainly made bold advances in unblushing manners since I was a young man," said the colonel; "there was in those days a dread of publicity, a deference to public opinion, which, if it did not exonerate their secret errors, was undoubtedly less obtrusive, less injurious to society in general."

"We cannot canvass this point, my dear sir, but by reflections invidious to the softer

softer sex," replied Sidney. "The misery, not less than the happiness of mankind, is derived from their irresistible influence; what *they countenance, we* are not prone to believe erroneous; if moral error subjected man to the loss of their society, few men but would calculate the gain and the loss, ere he gave his character to the world."

"It is too true," said Fitzhenry: "I hear with indignation the excuses that are offered in extenuation of the grossest immorality. I see women, whose horrible dereliction from propriety should consign them to unbroken solitude, perfect retirement; I see *such* women *received* and suffered to bring their polluted minds into the circles of the young and innocent; while their seducers (if they can be so called), they are the men marked out for general admiration, as if infamy were a passport to the respect of women."

"Your discussion scarcely admits my interference," said Mrs. Manderson, "or I would say there are numbers amongst the consenting

consenting band in exalted life, who yield their opinion in receiving such visitors, rather than contend with a host so formidable; nay, I think there is an epoch in my own recollection, when, by the admission of a highly-protected, yet doubtful character, we paved the way for the present alarming innovations."

"You are right, madam; and though a *modern* peerage is now upon a par with a fairy tale, which conjures up princes, dukes, and lords, at pleasure; though in this *entertaining* book we may trace our genealogy almost as far back as Noah; it is evident we are content with the interesting *reference;* for in our *immediate* circle, I doubt if we could *swear* to the parish register of many of our late introduced, and romantically named, associates."

"Who shall be the Cerberus in your mansion, colonel?" asked Sidney; "how will you guard yourself from occasional intrusion?"

"I will be my own agent, Mr. Wentworth;

worth; I am ready to believe my house will, for a *time*, be considered a celestial, rather than an infernal abode. I can imagine my visitors would compound for admission by a bribe, in place of a *cake;* and though I suspect there is an *individual*, who, like *Orpheus*, could lull the vigilance of the most formidable *Cerberus*, it will not be by *sound*, but by a better effort, his just claim to my confidence, my esteem."

"How can I express my gratitude? and at the same time avow my happiness can only be *perfect*, when I rob you of this cherished and very natural anticipation."

"Men in your situation are not equal to argument," said Fitzhenry, smiling. "Remember, sir, I have to make *my debut*, after an absence of nearly thirty years; who knows how I may attract? let me tell you, Mr. Wentworth, a nabob, as we are all termed, whose banishment *entitles* us to the *credit* of Carnatic peculations, stands no bad chance in this era of bullion value."

Amelia, on whom the half-veiled allusions

sions of Fitzhenry and Wentworth excited a confusion she could not conceal, arose, and in retiring to an adjacent room, the harp, whose dulcet notes had engaged the attention of our early rambler, became visible to the little party,

"Do you play the harp, Amelia?" said the colonel. "Give us a tune, my love."

Our heroine flung the door open, and passing her fingers over the trembling strings, displayed a science and delicacy of execution which called forth the applause of her little audience.

"Can she sing?" asked Fitzhenry, of the gratified Mrs. Manderson.

"A little," was the reply; and addressing her timid pupil, she bade her sing that plaintive air in the Stranger—"I have a silent sorrow here," &c.

Wentworth leaned thoughtfully on his hand; there was neither superior execution, nor much compass in the voice of the warbler; it was rather the sentiment of the singer, a sort of lingering swelling strain, which

which touched the heart, without astonishing by its brilliancy.

"Charming! exquisitely sweet!" said Sidney, as the melancholy stanza was closed; "I heard you this morning," he continued, stealing to the side of Amelia; "how delightful to *discover* such resources when the heart is already fixed! Amelia, those sounds would sooth my father beyond all you could imagine; he has great taste, and is extremely fond of music."

"How am I to gain his esteem?" said our heroine; "will it *ever* be in my power to sooth sir Ormsby Wentworth?"

"Oh God!" said Sidney, "your depression is now explained; you were thinking of him when I thought Osterly engaged your thoughts; he must love you, for he loves *me;* and there can be no disunion, from the moment I avow myself engaged."

"Indeed you are wrong; though I certainly was painfully affected by the recital I heard from Mrs. Manderson, I found a way of ameliorating its poignancy."

"How?

"How? tell me how, Amelia?"

"I thought of you; I remembered all your kindnesses; and——I have said too much," said she, hesitating.

"Go on, I beseech you, go on," said Sidney; "what would you say?"

"I must, I will love sir Ormsby, if he will allow me to do so," said Amelia; "but I dare not increase the vanity of his son;" and with a smile of more animation than had ever gilded her countenance since our hero owned the influence of her charms, she returned to the sitting-room.

"How should I astonish the lover of *superficial* acquirements," said Sidney, "were I to declare I was captivated ere I knew my mistress possessed one accomplishment! I was certainly superior to the youth who loved his goddess the better for not knowing how to *read*. Don't look so sceptical, my dear sir—it was the hand-writing of Miss Fitzhenry, which, after her personal influence, first claimed my admiration. I could not repress my approbation; the acquirement

quirement is so little estimated, is so frequently attached to the ordinary occupations of life, it ceases to excite notice. I estimate it as an elegant accomplishment; and when I heard her style approved by those whose opinions I valued, my pride was gratified, at least, thought I, she has a mind; her fingers, nor her form, may not have been tutored to attract, but she is qualified to retain the man who gains her affections. I allow the resources of a polished education are infinitely pleasing, when they *are* only resources; they must not be the *all* of life; the very admiration these acquirements excite, is for the most part founded in caprice, a love of novelty, varying with the day. A woman may become an *antique* in mere accomplishments ere the bloom of youth has passed; but if her mind is cultivated, if she is rational and unassuming, she may not glitter in a crowd, swell the columns of a newspaper, nor be generally known for what she is; but she must ultimately reign in a superior, though contracted

contracted circle; she draws a little band around her, whose friendship is infinitely endearing, because unswayed by those principles which influence common minds."

"I am perfectly of your opinion," said Mrs. Manderson; "every resource we bestow on an *informed* mind, is consistent with our transient sojourn in this world; I am persuaded a rational woman never considers them other than innocent recreations, pursuits which may mix in the general system, without breaking in upon the solid and more important duties of life."

"I wish these rational creatures were a more numerous family," said Fitzhenry; "to be sure, one may meet one *here* and *there*;" and he glanced towards the matron and her pupil; "but for the generality, I fear it would be difficult to cull them out, even by decimation."

"I hope to prove your opinion erroneous, colonel. In the immediate neighbourhood of Adderfield, I will promise to introduce you to four women of one family,

mily, whose natural, yet varied characters, shall engage your esteem, women of mind, amiable, unaffected, and generous. *Entre nous,*" he continued, "you know one of my favourites, Miss Fitzhenry—Lady Beverly; she is a near relation of mine, and, without partiality, I think her an estimable woman."

"Is lady Beverly your relation, Mr. Wentworth? most willingly do I accede in your just praises; she is, indeed, a charming woman: I am much afraid she must think me remiss, if not ungrateful."

"You don't know her if you apply the latter term to her sisterly feelings; she spoke of you to me the day I left London; and, indeed, had not colonel Fitzhenry's welcome communication decided my plans, she would have been my agent in the discovery I was so anxious to make."

"I am flattered by the remembrance of lady Beverly," resumed our heroine. "Will she remain much longer in London?"

"I believe it will depend upon me; I feel

I feel my own importance at this moment to be more considerable than at any period of my life; I must issue my commands to detain them until *we* return."

The colonel smiled.—"You are an able projector, no doubt, Wentworth, but a little premature. I will not be answerable for your *continued* absence; and, perhaps, you are not disposed to lay this charge to *me;* yet I really would advise your departure. Sir Ormsby has a claim on your actions, which friends ought not to supersede; and as *we* must soon leave this, you might be serviceable to us by taking a house for a couple of months in my name; I will promise you we will make our *debut*, the instant you say it is ready for us."

"Must I go?" said Sidney, addressing Mrs. Manderson.

"I think it is advisable, Mr. Wentworth;" and casting a glance towards Amelia, she evidently repressed her sentiments on the subject.

Our heroine was sensibly alive to the delicacy

licacy of her situation; rising, with an embarrassment which seemed forcibly to affect her feelings, she turned to our Englishman.—" Mr. Wentworth," said the trembling girl, " you must go; no change can take place in my sentiments, nor any recognisance than that of *perfect* cordiality, subdue my *resolution* with regard to sir Ormsby; I will be firm; it is a justice I owe myself, not less than my protector;" and hastening out of the room, she avoided the impassioned reply of Sidney, who at this moment felt his rebel heart less filially disposed than he dared avow.

" I am highly pleased with our child," said the colonel; " you must forgive me, Wentworth; there is too much principle in the love of this girl, to complete your hopes without some conciliating efforts on the part of your father. I would not destroy her peace, but I am truly gratified by her honest pride; it would be my wish to live on terms of friendship with any connexion with which her marriage may unite

me; and while I avow you, of all men, would meet my support, my warmest approbation, I cannot consent to clandestine measures. You have made your pretensions, and received the answer you required. Pause here, and spare yourself those regrets which the opposition of your father may produce. As the child of my adoption, I am warmly interested in her fate; she must be well received, nay, with a *distinct* preference in her own worth. Your eloquence may *wring* an assent from sir Ormsby; I am a looker-on, and shall discern the temporized acquiescence; it will not suffice with me, nor will it, as she has declared, win her to your arms. It is therefore better you should proceed to London, where we will follow you, soon as you have procured us a habitation."

"Your conclusions are founded on admissible evidence, I acknowledge, sir; you judge from the past, I from the real regrets and actual feelings of my father: there is too much delicacy in all you say, not to

to engage my assent to your suggestion. I will leave this in two days; you will not deny me a favour so essential to my repose; nay, I will be guided by Miss Fitzhenry; if she refuses me, I will instantly depart."

"Shall we trust him, madam?" said Fitzhenry.

"I believe Amelia must decide," replied Mrs. Manderson.

Our heroine was accordingly summoned to the parlour.

"You are deputed arbitress in a cause, Duty *versus* Love, Amelia," said the colonel; "if in the ultimate you want a casting voice, we are at hand, and will attend your summons;" and leading Mrs. Manderson to an adjoining apartment, Fitzhenry submitted *his* plans to her consideration: he required her to accompany himself and our heroine to London, to preside in his house as the guardian and chaperon of Miss Fitzhenry. He had munificent intentions in her favour, which deli-

of prosperity; may bless the hand which chases sorrow from the heart; but it is by no means a lively emanation of thankfulness; we are all creditors on the general *firm* of happiness; each believes he has a demand which deserves adjustment; it is in youth we *overdraw* ourselves. I know not that we *depreciate* that species of benefit we are desirous of attaining, or whether our views, like the paper currency, are inconsistent with *permanent* advantage; it would certainly be no bad speculation if *we hoarded* the *sterling* gold; put out our hopes to interest at an equitable valuation, not expecting to *gain* more than, as trusting and *dependant* creatures, we have a right to expect. But when age has mellowed the feelings, when the world and all it has to give appears what it really is, a sphere too limited for creatures who own an immortal spirit, it is then the calmed feelings reject the dazzling gifts of the world; they may rejoice in the comparative ease its *moderate* advantages bestow; for the shackles

kles of poverty, though they teach humility, and frequently produce the most beneficial influence on the mind, yet will the being tied down by penurious circumstances, scarcely certain of sustenance for the coming day, they will, for human nature, though suffering, is not invulnerable, they must at times repine.

If hope is the Eden of the young and happy, quiet, a cessation from sublunary cares, is the comfort of age. The operative principles of a pious heart are never subdued but they may be broken in upon, and the intrusion robs the departing traveller of that which we cannot restore.

It was with such sentiments Mrs. Manderson received the proposals of Fitzhenry; though from her nephew she experienced all the assistance his arduous and health-destroying pursuit could bestow, though the count de V—— had with grateful munificence prepared her present residence. These were painful dependencies; it is true, she had assented to the count's liberality,

and, perhaps, had she explained all the generosity, the kindness his wretched daughter had received at her hands, there could not have existed a feeling of obligation on her part; but it is an inconvertible principle of a benevolent mind to be silent on the subject of its best emanations, while that innate delicacy which influences a feeling so refined, excites in its turn the liveliest sensibility in the most remote effort of remunerative friendship.

As our *Englishman*, with an air of triumph, led Amelia to the colonel—"We have settled this point," said he.

"The verdict, Mr. Wentworth, the verdict?" said Fitzhenry.

"The cause stands over for *two* days," replied Sidney; "a material *witness* is wanting. You see I understand the temper of the court."

"Amelia, this man is vain," said the colonel; "I must take him away. Come, sir, if your judicial assumption has not destroyed your civil capacity, I should be glad of your

your assistance as a coachman; the horses have stood nearly four hours. We will take our tea with you, my dear madam," added Fitzhenry.

"I am ready to attend you," replied Wentworth. "I have letters to write before post. Adieu, Amelia. God bless you, madam," taking the hand of Mrs. Manderson; "I shall find a time to tell you how grateful I am for all you have done for me in that dear girl;" and following Fitzhenry, the carriage was soon out of sight.

"He is something like a man," said old Bevans, as he made occasion to adjust the chairs lately occupied by their visitors.

"Do you mean colonel Fitzhenry, or Mr. Wentworth, Bevans?" asked Mrs. Manderson.

"Colonel Fitzhenry! Heaven be praised, madam, he has come at last. It is Mr. Wentworth I mean; Phil always said he was an angel; the poor lad loves to talk of

him; and Nancy said she never heard a man speak as he did.

"When did Nancy write?" said Mrs. Manderson; "I never remarked her mention of Mr. Wentworth."

"I am an old blunderer," resumed Bevans; "but it is no use now. I hope you will forgive me, madam;" and he related the circumstance of our Englishman's bounty to his daughter.

"I wish you had not concealed this matter from me," said Mrs. Manderson; "I know your intention was good, but it is always best to consult those who, like myself, are willing to assist you in such cases."

"I could not, madam, at that moment, either refuse his kindness, or tell you of it. My master was away, and you were sick in bed; Nancy declared he was the best of men; that he spoke with such sense about my lost Maria, she was sure we were safe in accepting the money."

"Mr.

"Mr. Wentworth is so good a man," replied Mrs. Manderson, "I believe it would be wrong to dispute the subject; but in future, Bevans——"

"In future, madam, there will be no occasion for it," said Bevans. "I can see, ma'am, I have been reconnoitring; I only wish he would ask me a few questions, he should know my mind, that's all;" and retiring with an air of self-importance, the old soldier left his mistress to reflect on his discovery.

"Amelia," said Mrs. Manderson, "would you believe my preservation may be attributed to this benevolent act of Mr. Wentworth's? I remember I was surprised at the numberless comforts prepared for me in the absence of Edward; and when I asked Nancy how she got them, her reply was, her father had unexpectedly received a sum of money; it was a pious fraud, a noble exercise of good feeling: it is true, Edward has since remunerated his faithful servant; but could he imagine *who* was

the primary cause of my recovery? gracious Heaven! make me thankful that this godlike man will be the guardian of my child. I compassionate the feelings of sir Ormsby Wentworth, when he learns how the *son* fostered those the *father* refused to succour."

"Need we tell him this?" asked Amelia.

"If *you* had partaken of his bounty, I would withhold it from him, Amelia; I know not but such a reserve, even in that case, would be a strong evidence of false pride; yet the young should not be subjected to unnecessary exposure. I am near quitting the world; this is not my motive for acknowledging *my* sense of his worth. I could not refuse him a gratitude so much his due, for the benefit of those who may yet excite his generous sympathy, to strengthen a principle so consistent with his character as a man and a Christian. I would illustrate the efficacy of divine charity, of those casual appeals which fall before

before the eye daily, yet fail to impress the *powerful* with the necessity for their interference."

"What did Edward require of sir Ormsby in my name?" said our heroine.

"He merely stated your situation, the danger of exposing you to the world; and when asked if you had any expectations, he mentioned colonel Fitzhenry, his promises of protection; requiring from sir Ormsby, in the intermediate time, that assistance he was so well enabled to bestow."

"It is quite consistent," said Amelia; "though I had owned no affinity to sir Ormsby, he must, if he possessed an item of liberality, understand how deeply I have drawn on your bounty."

"I am persuaded Edward would never have made the application, had not my sickness roused him to despair. You know him too well, Amelia, not to do justice to his motives; and, indeed, your ineligible situation

situation was not the least part of his anxiety."

"Can I ever forget the brotherly kindness of Edward?" said our heroine, "endeared as he is to me by such unmerited sufferings. I must not indulge all the promises which my mind embraces, or I might add, I look forward to making his happiness as the fairest prospect of my life, and his dear boy, my sweet motherless babe. Oh, could we be assured the wretched Adelaide was dead, I am persuaded our dear Edward would regain his tranquillity."

"I cannot wish her death, Amelia, unless I could have confidence in her repentance; she was too volatile, too headless to be chastened, but by humiliations equal to her criminality. If her seducer has deserted her, a fact I implicitly believe, I tremble to think what must be her situation. Mr. Henry Carberry has written to his Hamburgh correspondent, to make inquiry after the wretched woman. Edward is a stranger

ger to this, and I mean to withhold it from him. We will turn from this sombre picture, my love. Tell me what is your opinion of the colonel?"

"He has a gracious conciliating manner," said Amelia; "when I saw him at lady Tadcaster's, I was flattered by his amiable notice; how little did I imagine *he* was the man on whom my hopes were suspended! Is he like my father? there is something in his countenance, which strikes me as resembling the miniature I so unfortunately lost."

"I think he is a little like him, Amelia, though less handsome than your father. I am not curious, my love; has Mr. Wentworth's decision any reference to sir Ormsby?"

"It has; he will write to his father today, and explain all that has happened; he is very sanguine with respect to the answer he shall receive, and will act agreeably to its purport."

"He is so consistent, so every way well disposed,

disposed, I see no danger in acceding to his plans. If sir Ormsby has the least idea of generosity, nay, if he possesses a particle of *self-love*, a quality I am not disposed to deny him, he will embrace the present happy opportunity of placing his character in a better point of view; and by assenting to the happiness of his son, obliterate his past and truly reprehensible conduct. I allow for his disappointment in the affections of your mother; I witnessed his real anguish; yet a reasonable man would have valued the ingenuousness of that mind which disdained deceiving him; he was always headstrong; brought up in the most indulgent manner, he repaid his parents as spoiled children usually do, by opposing all their intentions. I remember seeing the lady he afterwards married; she was a gentle, amiable girl, and sincerely attached to *him*, while he was devoted to your mother. I hear he was happy in this connexion; and, indeed, since I have seen his son, I wonder he ever suffered feelings

so

so irrelevant to his situation to cloud his real happiness. Should he subdue his natural obduracy, and receive you, my love, as his daughter, I must yet believe you will be subject to his transient whims; you must prepare yourself to expect it; and if it is the only alloy, you must be grateful; perfect happiness is not the lot of mortality."

Though Amelia had ever paid implicit deference to the opinions of her beloved Mrs. Manderson, she at this moment doubted the discernment of her friend.—"Could I have a care," thought she, "while Wentworth loved me? while blessed in his society, my whole heart devoted to his happiness? impossible! the sound of his voice thrills to my very soul; the idea of his danger unnerves me; and his presence, though my fondest wish, does it not likewise unnerve me? am I always equal to the mere effort of a reply, though my truant memory revived the moment he has left me? this must subside, if I live to be his wife, when

when our mutual vows are registered—when he is my own. Gracious Heaven! do I live and cherish the belief that the man who has so long lived in my heart is my devoted, my sympathizing Wentworth?" and dismissing all idea of opposition from the baronet, she retired, more the child of hope than at any period of her chequered existence.

Though the business of life is carried on by conversation, and *women* are not the least adroit in its varied ebullitions, I am aware *novel*-readers consider it a tedious mode of illustration; *glowing descriptions, terrific scenes,* delineated in language almost above comprehension, is the commentitious language in which fiction must be clothed, in order to be generally acceptable. I would, if it were possible, anticipate *all* the objections to which my humble efforts will be subjected; yet the *woman* who ventures to give her efforts to the *public,* in spite of the *diffidence,* the *fears* with which authorship inspires her, she will retain

tain her opinions. Society, under whatever form we embrace it, can only be tolerable, where the interchange of language answers the expectation of the assembled group; and though we have attained an excellence in *attitude*, *gesture*, and *grimace*, though a *waltz expresses more* than language can express, there may yet be found a few antediluvian beings whom conversation pleases; it is an *ancient* privilege, a *gift* whose *antiquity* should give it some weight, with a people ever seeking in the rust of ages for some *item* whose currency they are anxious to establish. Allowing that *conversation* is not the meed of *intelligence* in very *fashionable* life, admitting that a *jargon* of sounds is substituted in its place, this is only going *back* a few centuries; a *confusion* of tongues is on record; and the epoch of this confusion elicited itself when human *vanity* had superseded *moral obligations*.

The era in which I submit my *Englishman* to the eye of the public, is one marked

ed by frivolity; it is not, perhaps, a more vicious age than many which have preceded it; but it is undoubtedly one in which *supineness*, the luxury of ease, the mere inventions of the day, should not engage the sole attention of *Englishmen*. I would rather they "played the devil" with the enemy, than in *Bond-street;* I would see them lead their horses in a train of cavalry, in place of drawing up their ranks in the environs of *Kensington Gardens*, scouring the plains of Iberia, instead of the ring in Hyde Park. If from the lower orders of mankind an impress warrant can accomplish the object of a national exigence, is there no way of compelling these useless animals into the service of their country? the smell of gunpowder, we know, has a marvellous effect upon *some* constitutions; the man accustomed to otto and lavender, will not easily yield these luxuriant odours for the monkish engine of death. We lop off the exuberant branches in vegetable nature, in order to strengthen

strengthen the root; I would export these cyphers of Englishmen, these eating, drinking, fiddling, waltzing, jockeying nuisances, who, like our modern *spectacles*, collect a mob, to the degradation of common sense. A man of *ton* would refute my charges; he would tell me a life of fashion is by no means a state of indolence; that there is immense fatigue attached to his vapid existence; he would enumerate the jostlings he experiences in pursuit of an *heiress;* how he scampers to be *first* to whisper *nothings* at the opera; what watching and lingering to learn her morning route; the exercise of his genius in namby-pamby verses, covertly addressed to the golden Miss; not to mention the minor items of dress, costume, that now imperious consideration of man, morning rehearsals in the *vocal* way, and a few slides round the room with a dancing-master, in order to be puffed next morning in the *Post;* nor should we omit that superior innovation on *time*—a seven o'clock exhibition

in

in the Park, from Stanhope-gate to Apsley-house, where ambling jockies pace and repace it by the side of very dashing ladies, for the express purpose of announcing to the vulgar *they* dine at midnight. All these items considered, must certainly go to prove the routine infinitely fatiguing; insomuch, that the infant whose daily gradations may be compressed into the use of his rattle, his whip, and his go-cart, this imbecile animal is the compeer of man in his listless degrading eberrations: though I have omitted the baby's horn-book, I do not deny these gentlemen a *similarity* in their *intellectual* resources. A taste for literature dignifies the outward appearance of man; and in whom do we behold this dignotion of intelligence? not in the gigantic horseman, whom in perspective one would imagine to be a man in armour; not in the lisping driveller, whose language is scarcely to be comprehended; yet they all talk, Gods! how they can talk! the wonder is how *they* find an audience.

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If digressions were not usual in *society*, I should tremble for myself at this stage of my history; and is it not a solecism unpardonable, to class the *lapsis linguæ* of the higher ranks with the migratory flights of an author, and a woman? comparisons are odious; at all events, I am placing myself in the power of a formidable host; I may not fall under the lash of *judge* Jeffreys, but the minor reviewers, they *may* consign me to oblivion; at least, they possess the *lex talionis*, and it is probable I suffer for my presumption: and here again, that spirit of anticipation which I have before avowed, is leading me into premature anxiety; I am an *Englishwoman*, and there is a sort of national timidity, (an old-fashioned feeling, I allow) which induces me to dread the censure of the critic, while I stand a candidate for the liberality—the leniency of my countrymen.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

"Be never cool reserve with passion join'd;
With caution choose, but then be fondly kind.
The selfish heart, that but by halves is giv'n,
Shall find no place in love's delightful heav'n."

Pure love is of so local a nature, there is so little to be said in the way of illustration, I must be excused leading my readers through the two days which intervened between the dispatching of our Englishman's letter, and the morning on which he *expected* a reply. Fitzhenry strolled to the cottage; Sidney awaited the arrival of the post. At length the daily messenger arrived; not a scrip for Wentworth. His question was repeated more than once—"It was unaccountable; Durweston

Durweston should have written; he had opened his heart to him; what could occasion a silence so extraordinary?" and with that depression so justly attributed to our sea-girt islanders, he sat down to meditate on causes, with all the gloomy forethought of disappointment.

To meet Amelia under his *present* feelings, was impossible; he had been sanguine in his expectations; had declared his address to his father was a mere form, essential only as it regarded his relative situation. Could he wound her by communicating his fears? no; he would feign indisposition; and for one whole day absent himself from her to whom his every thought was devoted. Thus resolved, he addressed a short billet to Amelia, complained of a head-ach, (and he might have added, a heart-ach); besought her to number the hours, and believe him supported only by the tenderness of her recollection.

While musing on the dilemma in which he was placed, the landlord of the inn made his appearance, and presented a note.

"The young lord is off, sir," said mine host; "he has had a famous kick-up with the gentleman that came with him; they have parted in great anger."

"Indeed!" said Sidney; "when did they go?"

"My lord went about an hour ago, sir; the gentleman waits till the evening to go by the coach."

"Lord Osterly has acted wisely," replied Wentworth; and breaking the seal, he was proceeding to read his letter, when mine host interrupted him.

"To be sure it is hard to judge, sir, but certainly the gentleman seems monstrous civil; I was quite surprised to find him so humble; perhaps he is a little curious or so; but then he knows every body, as I may say, and that makes people seem curious, you know."

"He

"He is a very inquisitive fellow," resumed Sidney, "and by no means a friend to lord Osterly."

"Well, I must not pretend to dispute with you, sir; and, upon my honour, he says handsome things of you; quite a prodigy, he calls you; all your wild oats sown; so good and so generous to your servants; he says you have made an hospital of your house in London, and all for your servants; though to be sure he did say something about a pretty girl that was attending a child that was sick; but that's neither here nor there, your honour; we must not believe every story we hear."

"You must not credit one word the man in question says; he is an arrant hypocrite, an idle busy-body."

"I am sorry to hear this," said the landlord; "I was in hopes I had found a good friend; the gentleman as good as ordered me to send a pipe of wine to my lord's house in town; he declared he had not tasted such good port many years."

"You will act as you think best," said Sidney; "only remember there is no luxury which cannot be attained in London, and of the first quality."

The landlord retired, more than convinced he was on the eve of being imposed upon.

Wentworth understood the exact motive of the purveyor, who, acquainted with the doubtful credit of his victim, used flattery with the unsuspecting host, in order to gain a point so essential to the existence of a *bon vivant*.

The note of lord Osterly was short, yet satisfactory; he spoke with exultation of his fracas with Supple; declared himself his own man again; and concluded with cordial acknowledgments to our hero.

"This is a triumph of principle," said Sidney, mentally, "a very stable promise of better things; I wish he may be firm; it would be worth while to follow up a begining so propitious;" and for the first time since their acquaintance, he felt

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an interest in the future fortunes of lord Osterly.

Perhaps there are few places less congenial to an anxious mind than the lively bustle of an inn. Our Englishman owned an irritability of feeling, which was excited by every casualty that disturbed his meditating humour: though the cottage was forbidden ground at this moment, the environs were retired and shady: taking his hat, he made a circuitous curve, which brought him facing an angle of the castle; throwing himself on the grass, he lay contemplating the antique pile, "now mouldering to decay."

The stately owner of Westbourne, on horseback, sallied forth on his morning ride. Sidney smiled, as he regarded the stern aspect of the earl. The contrast between the mellow scene which nature flung around, and his haughty brow, forcibly impressed our hero with the insignificancy, not less than the ignorance of pride. A frag-

ment from one of the turrets fell within a short distance of lord Arlingham; *fear* instantly displaced his self-importance; he leaped from his saddle, caught up the stone, and gazing on the despoiled architecture, conversed with his attendant on his fortunate escape.

"Fortunate, indeed, my lord," said the groom; "I thought for certain your brains would be dashed out."

My lord looked angry; the fellow might have said the same thing of a calf.—"You mean to say I was in great personal danger?" said the earl.

"Yes, my lord, I believe so."

"Self-assured idiot," thought Wentworth; "can pride find entrance at a moment so replete with danger?" and as the ingrate of Providence pursued his ride, the inferiority of man caused our Englishman to muse—"He may repair yon castle," thought he, "embellish this structure

'——— of an earlier world;'

it

it will yet be subject to decay, will ultimately lay in dust. Human nature, like human art, must come to this. Can he bid one blade to grow?" and he plucked a verdant strip from his mossy couch; "his ingenuity, his hope of gain, may excite his industry; he can go no farther; it must be blessed, ere it blesses him. Eternal Father!" sighed Sidney, "when thou smilest on the toil of man, nations feel thy bounty; and when thy providence rescues the transient atom from a *sudden* fate, where is his gratitude, if thy *mercy*, not his merit, cause him to be thankful, humble, touched with the nothingness of his efforts when opposed to thy power?"

While thus our old-fashioned *Englishman* was musing, the sound of approaching voices was heard, when lady Morbury and her niece crossed towards Filbert Wood path.

"We shall have time for our visit," said lady Anna; "papa has gone the circuit of the village."

"I hope so," replied lady Morbury. "Goodness, Mr. Wentworth!" she added, what ails you?" and she stood before Sidney in an attitude of inquiry.

Wentworth started from his recumbent posture.—"I was indulging a meditative humour," said Sidney; "shall I own I hoped to evade your notice?"

"Indeed!" said lady Anna: "is this the gallant, the elegant Wentworth? surely this place has affected your intellects, man. I envy not your churlish disposition; sleep on, Cymon; we will leave you to your ruminations."

"Not yet," said Sidney, seizing the hand of his fair upbraider: "tell me, lady Anna, were you never the victim of suspense? unequal to company? speak ingenuously."

"I don't know—yes, I believe I have; forgive my impertinence—I own my fault; be generous."

"Perhaps our premeditated call may do away the mystery which accompanies your conduct

conduct at this period, Mr. Wentworth," said lady Morbury; "for the first time since I have known you, you appear under a character I do not approve: do throw off this garb; I assure you it does not become you."

"Your reproof seems just; I hope I *shall* have the power of removing your friendly censure."

"I hope so too," resumed her ladyship.

"The first step towards vice is to make a mystery of innocent actions."

"And such I must believe your's to be, until I shall be so unfortunate as to be *convinced* of the contrary;" and taking the arm of her niece, they proceeded through the wood.

The heart of Wentworth prompted him to attend them to the cottage, for there, beyond a doubt, they were going; but though the tenderness of Amelia might have chastened his regrets, it was impossible she could be indifferent to the silence of sir Ormsby; and leaning on the railway

which fenced the demesne of Westbourne, he stood watching the approach of a horseman, whose speed was incredibly swift. As the man drew nearer, he thought it was his own livery. In a moment Philip threw himself from his saddle, and presenting a letter, stood smiling, with a countenance full of importance. Wentworth was unequal to a question at this crisis; he tore the seal, when the following words met his eye:—

"STAY where you are—I am your *father*,

"ORMSBY WENTWORTH."

"Thank Heaven!" said Sidney, regardless of his companion. "Go, Phil, wait at the inn—I shall be back to dinner."

"If you please, sir," said Philip.

"I cannot stop a moment," continued our hero, hastening up the path. "I will hear

hear all you have to say when I return;" and pressing the laconic letter to his lips, he gave way to all the enthusiasm of a lover. "I knew he would be generous, just: she will be mine; merciful Heaven! I shall call Amelia wife." *Etiquette* was out of the question; without waiting the methodical introduction of Bevans, Sidney entered the little parlour, where, as he expected, lady Morbury and her niece were in lively and familiar conversation with the colonel, Mrs. Manderson, and our heroine.—"Here, Amelia, Miss Fitzhenry, I mean, this is the paper I expected;" and he put his father's letter into her hand.

Amelia received the dreaded fiat; her fears had been many; and *now* by the rule of society, it was not *proper* she should gratify her anxious curiosity.

"Our friends will forgive you," said Sidney; "it will not engage you a minute."

Amelia embraced the privilege; and as, with a countenance suffused with blushes,

she returned the letter.—" You know best how it should be understood," said she.

" If you *knew* the writer," replied Wentworth, " you would understand it as I do;" and he presented it to Fitzhenry.

" I suppose I must give my opinion," said the colonel; " the ladies will be generous to my infirmity," placing his spectacles: " truly a most laconic epistle; quite in the Lacedemonian style."

" *Multum in parvo,* my dear sir, exactly what I could have wished."

" But if," said the colonel.

" None of your Spartan if's," resumed Sidney; " it admits not of a doubt; I will not hear one;" and turning to lady Morbury—" Now, madam, the mystery is unveiled; I deserved your reproof, for I appeared mysterious. Your quotation was well applied, as you will allow, when I ask your continued friendship for Miss Fitzhenry, whom I hope soon to introduce to you by

by a name which has ever been honoured by your countenance;" and he led the trembling Amelia to her ladyship.

"Most willingly, Mr. Wentworth," said the good lady Morbury, saluting the cheek of Amelia. "I rejoice, my love, in an event so every way full of promise; thus should modest merit be crowned."

"Poh! my dear aunt," said lady Anna, "this is hyperbole; I depose that odious word; Wentworth is a fortunate animal;" and drawing Amelia from the side of lady Morbury, she added—"*Entre nous*, you have gained a prize, my dear Miss Fitzhenry; I need not say how sincerely I congratulate you."

Amelia, though grateful for the kindness bestowed upon her, was too much oppressed by the newness of her situation to reply by words. Mrs. Manderson, whose approving smile had been given to the important letter, seemed the only one in company equal to conversation; yet the awkward pauses which will intervene, where minds

minds are pre-occupied with their own immediate interests, soon warned the ladies to retire.

"Though I do not receive *my own* friends at Westbourne," said lady Morbury, "I shall look forward to happy meetings in London. My own house is repairing; I am going to resign my office of housekeeper to my brother, who will, I believe, soon introduce a youthful mistress into his mansion. Lady Anna will be my guest, in all probability; thus there will be no interruption to our friendship. You will all collectively," and she glanced her expressive eye round the room, "promise me to improve our present introduction?"

An unanimous assent was given; and as the colonel accompanied the ladies down the avenue, he made his acknowledgments to the liberal lady Morbury and her niece, for the attentions bestowed on his kinswoman.

"It was common discernment, my dear sir," said lady Anna; "Miss Sidney, Miss Fitzhenry,

Fitzhenry, I should say, is a lovely girl; she interested me from the moment I saw her; and never surely was a better man than Wentworth; you can have no idea how superior he is, until you know him better; I esteem him as a brother."

"It is most grateful to hear such commendations from those who know him well," said Fitzhenry; "I esteem him highly; your ladyship's eulogium rather establishes than increases my good opinion of Mr. Wentworth."

"He has fallen into excellent hands," said lady Anna; "only don't spoil him, colonel; you are spoilable animals;" and with a gracious curtsey, the new friends parted.

Wentworth, in the absence of Fitzhenry, had claimed a conference with our heroine. The colonel and Mrs. Manderson were indulging in the prospects of their mutual charge when Bevans entered.

"Mr. Edward, my master, madam, and master Charles, they are here;" and on the instant,

instant, Durweston, with his boy and a gentleman, made their appearance.

"My dear Ned!" said Mrs. Manderson, folding her nephew to her bosom; then clasping the child to her heart, she was silent for a moment; when turning to the stranger, she looked steadily on his countenance. "Sir Ormsby Wentworth," said she, "or I am greatly deceived."

"I am, I am that greatly erring man," said the baronet, taking the hand of his virtuous opponent.

"To see you thus, sir Ormsby, chases all unpleasant remembrances;" and turning to the colonel, she introduced him by name.

Fitzhenry received his overture with calm dignity; it was not an expression of pride, but rather a feeling which took rise in the correctness of his own principles.

"I may deserve this," said the baronet; "but I am resolved to subdue it. Can I give you a better pledge of my sincerity than my Sidney, a son of no common worth,

worth, one who never gave me serious cause for displeasure in his life? Where is your child? she will be more merciful to a man who feels as I do."

"Sir Ormsby," said Fitzhenry, "we *now* stand on equal terms; I have felt your neglect of my orphan girl; her fortune is changed, yet her happiness would be imperfect, were she not the decided choice of your inestimable son. We each possess a treasure we can worthily bestow; I give her to him with all my soul; let this be my bond of amity," and taking the hand of the baronet, "the past be forgotten," said he; "the future, as far as it depends upon us, may it be marked by the gratitude we both owe to Providence, for an issue so graciously auspicious!"

The baronet sealed the compact by a tear, which he attempted not to hide.—"Where is my son?" asked the agitated old man.

"He is with Miss Fitzhenry," said Mrs. Manderson. "I shall be forgiven," said the

the gentle mediator. "Go, my dear sir, you will find them in the next room;" and leading sir Ormsby to the door, she returned to the colonel.

With that impatience which marked the general manner of the baronet, he slightly rapped at the door, and without waiting permission, entered the room.

"Good Heavens!" said Sidney; "my father!"

Amelia, with an intuitive timidity, caught the arm of Wentworth; and leaning her face on his shoulder, seemed to take refuge in his protection.

"Look up, my sweet love," said Sidney, deeply affected by her fear; "it is our mutual parent."

"If you would not kill me," said the baronet, in a voice of strong emotion, "speak to me, child; tell me you forgive me;" and seizing her hand, he would have knelt to her.

"No, sir, this must not be," said the aroused girl; and taking both the hands of sir

sir Ormsby, she pressed them to her lips. "I must honour you, I must love you," said she, "for you are Wentworth's father."

"This is not enough," replied sir Ormsby; "you must strive to regard me for myself;" and folding the rejected orphan to his bosom, he sobbed like an infant.

"Be composed, for Heaven's sake," said Amelia; "I cannot bear these tears—I who would chase all sorrow from you; spare me, sir, indeed I cannot bear it;" and sinking into a chair, her pallid cheek and quivering lips indicated a swoon. Sidney folded his arms around the unconscious Amelia, whose senseless form reposed on his bosom.

"She is not equal to a scene like this," said Wentworth; "confide in her gentle character, my dear father; she is mine, and must be yours."

"Was it indeed your father?" asked the reviving girl; "he looked all kindness; could it be him?"

"Child,

"Child, child, you will drive me mad," resumed the baronet; "I deserve your censure; I have been an unnatural monster. Hear me! your mother stole my peace, and disdained my love; I could not forget it, for which I ask Heaven to forgive me. Will you comfort my disappointed heart? will you be in truth my daughter?"

"Yes, yes, your grateful and honoured child," sobbed Amelia; "believe me ready and happy to conform to all you can desire, all you can expect."

"Thank you, thank you," said sir Ormsby, "we will be a family of love. Sidney, I am grateful to you, my son; you have indeed found the way to reconcile your father to himself."

Wentworth, though gratified by the approval of his father, was tenderly alive to his *just*, yet painful self-accusation. To a filial heart, there cannot be a more distressing appeal than the sight of grey hairs humbled, where they should be honoured; and to feel the humiliation *just*, as in the present

sent case, gave a pang to Sidney which totally unmanned him.

"We are all too much agitated for conversation at this moment, my dear sir," said Sidney; "nor could the woman I love be gratified by concessions such as these."

"I am only sorry sir Ormsby feels them necessary with me," said Amelia; "if he knew how recently I was acquainted with those circumstances which cause his uneasiness, he would readily understand how soon they were obliterated from my mind."

"Then you have not been in the habit of dwelling on my name with disgust? arraigning me as I deserved? Generous girl, and doubly generous Mrs. Manderson, who shielded me from the opprobrium I merited! she was always a superior woman; I was forced to allow it, even while she opposed my wishes. Tell me, child, how long was I a despot in your eyes?"

"Only while I heard the relation," said Amelia; "for——" and she paused.

"Speak

"Speak out," said the baronet, grasping the arm of the conscious girl.

"Could I love the son, if the father he loved was the object of my resentment? no, sir, I regretted your indifference, while I trusted in the filial description of your character as drawn by Mr. Wentworth."

"Heaven bless you both!" said sir Ormsby; "leave me, my children, I would be alone."

On returning to the sitting-room, their surprise at the sight of Durweston and his boy was proportioned to the strangeness of the coincidence.

"Durweston!" exclaimed the lovers in a breath; "how is this?"

Edward smiled at the eagerness of their inquiry.—"My aunt will elucidate for you, Miss Fitzhenry," said he; "I have much to say to Mr. Wentworth;" and taking the arm of Sidney, they strolled down the avenue.

It was now Wentworth rejoiced in the amenity

amenity of his father.—" These blissful opportunities which have been strewed in his path," said Sidney, " they must, they will correct his only foible; what happiness to reflect by whom it was effected!"

" Believe me," replied Durweston, " I have felt more for sir Ormsby Wentworth than I imagined it possible I could feel. You know how you left me; I had many objections to remaining in your house, though your letter enforced my doing so, with every argument you so well know how to use. I had given directions the second morning after your departure, and was actually on the eve of quitting the house, when sir Ormsby was ushered into the drawing-room; he knew me instantly; I confess I felt more than I can describe, yet I was resolved as to my own line of conduct. 'Mr. Wentworth is from home, sir,' said I. 'I conceive you have heard from him, or will do so shortly. I wish you good-morning;' and retiring towards the door, I

was

was leaving the room, when your father arose.—' Mr. Durweston,' said he, ' I would detain you a few minutes. I have not heard from my son; I know not where he is; this will exonerate me from all suspicion of design in my present call. May I, have I a right to expect *you* will give credit to my assertion, that I deeply regret my conduct in our former interview, that it has occasioned me unceasing uneasiness? Will you accept my apology?' I replied to him with candour, not disguising the impression his manner had made on my mind; nor did I omit what I said on a former occasion. *I* asked nothing of your father; it was for the daughter of Fitzhenry I sued, claiming his protection for her until the colonel arrived. I will own to you, Mr. Wentworth, had sir Ormsby at *that* time met my views, circumstances it is not now necessary to disclose would have led me to claim a temporary favour at his hands. Thank Heaven I was spared this!"

Our

Our Englishman sighed; and Durweston proceeded to relate the growing kindness of the baronet.

"I must not be prolix," he continued; "your father won my regard, I might say by the obstinacy of his friendship. We parted not until he had bound me by promise to remain in Park-street until we heard from you; he saw my boy, related the incident of the shoe; and as each succeeding explanation brought your name forward, all the warmth of his heart as a father shone in his countenance. Next morning he introduced sir George Beverly and lord John Nugent to me; and by dinner-time he had established himself in your house, insisting on retaining us as *his* guests. There was no preventing his plans; it is but justice to say, he has the happy art of making his house an unrestrained home. Your second letter came. I could not comprehend the nature of the surprise you had in store for me. Sir Ormsby confessed he had heard from you;

but he was uneasy, restless, and out of spirits. I since learn it was in consequence of your explaining your meeting with colonel Fitzhenry: this fact revived his regrets concerning Amelia; and while doubtful of what might ensue, he withheld the contents of your letter from me. Had you witnessed his anxiety at this time, heard the thousand questions he asked concerning Amelia, her character, pursuits, in short, every thing which related to her, you would have pitied him as I did. 'We would go to her instantly,' said he, 'but for one reason.' I sought to know what he meant; he avoided my inquiry, which is now accounted for by his knowledge of the colonel's arrival.

"At length your epistle from Filbert Wood arrived; we were at breakfast yesterday when Phil presented it; I shall never forget his emotion; tears rolled down his venerable cheek; falling on his knees, he poured forth his gratitude to Providence, who had blessed him with such a son;

a son; then placing the letter in my hand, he bade me rejoice. Need I say how I was interested in its contents? yet I was disappointed—you did not give me a line. My chagrin was of short duration; Henry Carberry sent me your favour, which you had addressed to the counting-house, not imagining I was an idler, almost a lounger; for sir Ormsby would not suffer me to leave him, even for my commercial engagement. It is true, Carberry has attained a person to fill my department, knowing my projected plan of farming; yet I was in the habit of attending the office daily. The impatience of sir Ormsby was augmented by the passages I read from my letter. 'My dear boy,' said he, 'only one night, Sidney, and your father will fold you to his heart, and assent, *joyfully* assent, to your noble resolution.' You may imagine the bustle which ensued; it was nearly three o'clock ere we quitted Park-street; in the interim, lady John Nugent and lady Beverly were summoned.

Dare I tell you, Mr. Wentworth, *you* were a secondary consideration? I ought not to hesitate, for our opportunities of recording the liberality of *woman* to *woman* are too rare not to be appreciated when they *do* occur; they gratified my partiality, by their unaffected approbation of my orphan friend. Lady John observed, *she* was not acquainted with the mind of Miss Sidney, as *she* called her, 'but her person is lovely, and her manners unassuming; she must have a *mind*, for Wentworth loves her:' while lady Beverly declared, she was the most insinuating little girl in the world. 'I already anticipate I must yield my right in your affections, my dear uncle,' said she; 'this formidable idol of Sidney's will displace me.'—'Not displace you, Grace,' said sir Ormsby; 'but consider, my love, how I have sighed for a daughter; and now, when my son brings the object of my unpardonable neglect, a woman who, by natural affinity, not less than intrinsic worth, had a claim to my protection, I cannot

cannot explain all the hold she has taken on my heart. That Sidney loves her, would give her favour in my eyes; but that he should love so worthily, is, indeed, a happiness to his unfortunately erring father.'

"The necessity for discontinuing a conversation which so sensibly affected your father, was readily understood by his visitors, who left us, but not without the kindest and most flattering remembrances to Amelia and yourself.

"We commenced our journey. The laconic epistle you got this morning was sent off by Philip ere we quitted the inn where we slept last night; he hoped it would appease your feelings; yet reserved to himself the pleasure of avowing a more ample concurrence to your wishes. Thus you see me in possession of the entire confidence of a man I would a few months since have gone some distance to avoid: I must prepare you in one particular—sir Ormsby wishes to be actively serviceable in my

my future pursuits; he relies on the friendship existing between us overcoming my *false* scruples, as he calls them; I am resolved on *retaining* his esteem, but I am firm; I will not be benefited by his bounty, nor do I now require an interference of the kind. The count has in a degree prevented such a necessity; and colonel Fitzhenry used the earliest opportunity of remunerating my aunt for all the expences to which his fair charge had put her; he did more—Mrs. Manderson is now independent, and I, if I could cease to reflect, might reasonably indulge in the future."

"We must see you happy, Durweston," said Sidney; "there is so much in your power, and though your pride disdains our services, I must believe you will not be deaf to the claims of friendship: unless you assent to live in my neighbourhood, I shall be apt to question the strength of your attachment; I foresee we shall have the power of drawing Fitzhenry and your aunt into our circle; solitude at your age would

would be criminal; in fact, we cannot do without you."

"Sir Ormsby calls you an able projector," replied Durweston; "I make no promises; at present I am bound to this spot; nay, I must leave you directly; De V—— must know of our arrival;" and waving his hand, he quitted Wentworth, and pursued his way to the castle.

END OF VOL. V.

Lane, Darling, & Co. Leadenhall-Street.